THE HISTORY AND ADVENTURES OF PEREGRINE PICKLE.

WITH

The many droll TRICKS that PEREGRINE played his MOTHER and OTHERS;

ALSO

Of his TWO COMPANIONS,

HATCHWAY AND PIPES.

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ADVENTURES OF PEREGRINE PICKLE.

THIS novel was written by the late ingenious Dr. Smollet, and is on a plan in many reſpects different from that of Roderick Random. Here a young gentleman is nurſed up in the lap of plenty, and when he arrives at age has an opulent eſtate left him by an old ſuperannuated naval officer, who had acquired riches in the ſervice of his country. With many very good qualities our young adventurer becomes a ſlave to his paſſions, and is led away with the gay diſſipation of the age in which he lived, before he knew the right uſe of money. He is reduced to poverty, thrown into a priſon, where he becomes ſenſible of his folly, and wiſhes for an opportunity of retrieving himſelf out of his diſtreſſed circumſtances. His mother, in concert with his younger brother, deprives

deprives him of his paternal eſtate, but being countenanced by an honeſt old lieutenant, he procures his inlargement, and recovers his juſt inheritance. Upon the whole, there are more ſtriking incidents in this excellent novel than in any other that we have ſeen, and as they are all preſented to the reader they muſt afford both inſtruction and entertainment.

PEREGRINE PICKLE was the ſon of Mr. Gabriel Pickle, who had formerly kept a ſhop in London, but the profits of his trade not anſwering to his wiſhes, he retired to Cornwall, where he purchaſed an eſtate, and married a young lady, the daughter of a country gentleman. His ſiſter, Miſs Pickle, a maid of about forty, had been for ſeveral years his houſekeeper, but there being no occaſion for her in that capacity, after he was married, ſhe began to look out for a huſband. She was too old to attract the notice of the gentry, and becauſe her father had been once Lord-Mayor of London, ſo ſhe could not bear the thought of giving her hand to a tradeſman.

It happened that in the ſame neighbourhood lived Commodore Trunion, who had been bred up to the ſea, and ſpent moſt of his days in the navy. He lived in a houſe fortified in the ſame manner as a caſtle, and beſides his domeſtics, he kept along with him one Lieutenant Hatchway and Tom Pipes, who had formerly been his boatſwain's mate. With theſe two he uſed to ſpend the evenings at a neighbouring alehouſe, where

where he became acquainted with Mr. Pickle, and ſoon after propoſed marrying his ſiſter. Not that the commodore was in love, but that becauſe he could go no more to ſea, he propoſed to take a voyage in the ſea of matrimony. Like an honeſt tar he was downright in his propoſals, and as the lady found it would be needleſs to aſſume thoſe airs peculiar to her ſex, ſhe ſoon gave her conſent, and a day was fixed for the nuptials.

The commodore had purchaſed a couple of fine hunters for himſelf and the lieutenant, on which they mounted at nine in the morning to proceed for the church, but as he had never ſeen any thing but naval affairs, he reſolved to tack about with the wind, as if he had been on the ocean. It happened that the wind ſhifted about, and the commodore followed his courſe ſo long, that his bride waited for him at church with the utmoſt impatience. At laſt it was thought neceſſary to diſpatch a meſſenger in queſt of him, for he was ſo little acquainted with the church, that it was ſuppoſed he had miſtaken the road.

This, however, was not the caſe, for the meſſenger found him and his attendants veering about with the wind like a fleet at ſea, and told him that the company were waiting for him at church. The commodore anſwered with great deliberation, that he had weighed anchor about nine in the morning, for the port of matrimony, but the wind had ſhifted ſo often about, that he believed he would not be able to get to the harbour that day. As the meſſenger did not know what he meant, he told him that he had no more to do than turn his horſe's head and follow him, by which they would be at the church in

leſs

leſs than half an hour. The commodore was ſo much exaſperated at what the meſſenger ſaid, that he called him an ignorant fellow, who did not underſtand the trim of a veſſel, and therefore deſired him to ſheer off, or he would pour into him a whole broadſide. The meſſenger, who found what ſort of a perſon he had to deal with, left him, and returned back to the church, where he found the company, and the ceremony was obliged to be defered till next day.

In the mean time the commodore kept ſhifting about with the wind, till the horſe on which he and Lieutenant Hatchway rode, heard the noiſe of huntſmen, and being well acquainted with the ſport, they ſet out at full gallop, leaving the reſt of the company to weather the ſtorm in the beſt manner they could. Both the commodore and lieutenant believed they were mounted on the backs of devils incarnate, and giving up all for loſt, dropped their whips, and held faſt by the pummels of the ſaddles. The horſe on which the lieutenant rode, was more nimble than the other, and getting before, he croſſed into a field of clover, which circumſtance gave Hatchway an opportunity of throwing himſelf off, without receiving any other hurt than what aroſe from his fright.

In the mean time the commodore, who had dropped his hat and wig, came up, and ſeeing Hatchway, called out, "Hilloa! you have got ſafe into port, I wiſh to God I was moored." The commodore had ſome hopes that a five-bar gate that ſtood oppoſite to him, would ſtop the progreſs of his horſe, but no ſooner did he approach it, than he jumped over with as much

eaſe as a cat would do over a harpſicord. He was now in a ſtate of inſenſibility, he knew not whether he was dead or alive, and at laſt coming to a highway, encloſed by two riſing grounds, the horſe jumped over it, to the no ſmall terror of a waggoner, who happened to be paſſing underneath.

By this time the commodore overtook the horſe on which the lieutenant had rode, and both kept an equal pace together, till they came to the place where the huntſmen were aſſembled to ſee the death of the fox. The ſtrange figure of the commodore in his ſeamen's dreſs, joined to the loſs of his hat and wig, attracted the notice of the whole company, and led off their attention from poor Reynard, whoſe agility had furniſhed them with ſo much diverſion. The two horſes were exceeding good ones, and the 'ſquire who conducted the ſport, aſked the commodore if he would ſell them: "Sell them! I maſter; for they are above my weather gage, I have commanded a whole fleet, but was never ſo much out in my reckoning as to day." The 'ſquire finding that the commodore was a meer novice in land affairs, purchaſed the horſes for one fourth of what they coſt, and took the commodore home with him to his own houſe for the night. The company made themſelves very merry at his expence, but as he knew nothing beyond ſea-terms, ſo he took no notice of them, and next day being properly equipped, he returned to the caſtle, where he found his old friend Lieutenant Hatchway. Next morning the wind happened to prove favourable, and leſt he ſhould once more get on the devil's back, he reſolved to walk to the

the church on foot. Accordingly, having diſpatched Tom Pipes to inform his bride, the lady met him at the church, and the nuptial knot was tied. A grand entertainment was provided at the caſtle, but when the time came for the company to retire, an unlucky circumſtance happened, which was no other than the want of a bed for the new married couple. The commodore was ſo much of a ſeaman, that he obliged every one in the caſtle to lay in hammocks, which were ſlung up in the ſame manner as in ſhips.

The lady remonſtrated in the ſtrongeſt manner againſt laying in ſuch an indecent poſture, but by the perſuaſion of her brother and ſiſter-in-law, ſhe was induced to comply, and being undreſſed, mounted the hammock to wait the arrival of her ſpouſe. Every thing being properly adjuſted for the reception of the commodore, he came into the room, or rather the cabbin, where having drank a can of flip, and received three cheers, he got into the canvas vehicle, to the no ſmall terror of his lady, who imagined every moment that ſhe would tumble out at the other ſide. The company being now retired, the new married couple went to reſt, but no ſooner did morning arrive than the lady got up and diſpatched one of the ſervants to a neighbouring town, to purchaſe a genteel bedſtead, being now determined to aſſert her prerogative as a wife, and not be any longer ſubject to the whims and caprice of her huſband.

When the commodore ſaw the bed, he ſwore, curſed and blaſphemed, declaring that it ſhould be immediately conſigned to the flames, but by the interpoſition of Hatchway and Mr. Pickle, he was brought into a more reaſonable way of thinking,

thinking, and to oblige his ſpouſe, conſented to lay in it, though contrary to a reſolution he had formed many years before. The lady proceeded to make ſeveral other alterations in the caſtle, by turning off ſome of the old ſervants, and ordering that the guns ſhould not be fired but in her abſence, leſt they ſhould frighten her ſo much as to occaſion an abortion. All theſe acts of a new reformation the commodore was obliged to comply with, and to conſole himſelf under what he conſidered as real afflictions, he ſpent more of his time than uſual at the alehouſe, curſing the day that ever he had weighed anchor for the port of matrimony.

The haughty domineering temper of the commodore's lady, made her odious to every one in the caſtle, but as her huſband was made to believe that ſhe was pregnant, ſo he bore with it for ſome time. At laſt, all hopes of an heir being vaniſhed, the lady took to the bottle and religion for conſolation, and the commodore reſolved to make young Peregrine his heir. Peregrine had been ſometime at a boarding-ſchool, where he had played abundance of little knaviſh tricks, which were winked at by the uſher, who frequently recived a gratuity from the commodore. But the uſher going away, Peregrine wrote a letter to the commodore, who was ſo much pleaſed with it, that he went to his father, and deſired he would ſuffer him to be brought up under his own direction.

By this time Mr. Pickle, who had another ſon as well as a daughter, looked on the propoſal as too valuable to be rejected, ſo that he inſtantly complied with it, eſpecially as for reaſons unknown,

known, the mother had conceived the utmoſt averſion for her eldeſt ſon. In conſequence of this permiſſion, Hatchway was diſpatched the ſame day in a poſt-chaiſe to the ſchool, and brought young Peregrine home, who was now in his eleventh year, and began to diſplay ſo much genius, that every one was charmed with him. His aunt, the lady of the commodore, was ſo much innured to dram-drinking, that when Peregrine was preſented to her, ſhe ſeemed to take no notice of him, but through the perſuaſion of Hatchway ſhe came down to the parlour, and received him with ſeeming marks of reſpect. Next day the commodore took him to viſit his parents, but how great was his ſurpriſe, when he found that his mother declared that he was not her ſon, for that he had died when only a child. This, however, made no other impreſſion on the commodore, beſides that of making him love the boy more than ever, and therefore he took him along with him to the caſtle, reſolving to beſtow that parental care and tenderneſs upon which his mother had denied him, although ſhe knew it was her duty.

Tom Pipes, who all his life-time had been accuſtomed to the practice of miſchievous tricks, became, as it were by ſympathy, the favourite of young Peregrine, who had one of the moſt fertile geniuſſes that ever fell to the ſhare of one of his age. As the commodore's lady often retired to her cloſet in the evening, under pretence of devotion, but in reality to indulge herſelf with her favourite liquors, ſo our young ſpark, with the aſſiſtance of the artful Tom Pipes, reſolved to torment her with the fear of hell and the devil.

Sometimes

Sometimes they would climb up to the window of her cloſet at midnight, and imitate the ſcreaming of an owl, or ſome other frightful creature, which operated ſo ſtrongly upon her diſtempered imagination, that ſhe began to think that the grand adverſary of mankind had come to take her away before her time.

But the bent of their miſchievous inclinations was not confined to the lady, for they actually directed it againſt the commodore himſelf. The commodore had the utmoſt averſion to attornies ever ſince a knaviſh one had tricked him in a lawſuit, and therefore our adventurers reſolved to try his patience on that head, or rather to torment him, as if they had been devils incarnate. Accordingly, they forged a letter to a country attorney, in the name of the commodore, deſiring him to call next day.

The attorney, who doubted not but he would be able to fleece the old commodore of ſome hundreds, came to the caſtle at the hour of dinner, and Tom Pipes going up ſtairs, deſired his commander to come down to the parlour, to ſpeak to a gentleman who waited for him. This put the commodore into a moſt violent paſſion, becauſe he was diſturbed in the middle of his meſs, but recollecting what Pipes ſaid of the buſineſs being urgent, he went down, and demanded what the gentleman wanted with him. The attorney told him that he came according to an order he had received from him, and the ſooner the buſineſs was diſpatched, the better. "True, (ſaid the commodore, mad with indignation)" and lifting up his ſtick, gave him ſuch a blow that he fell flat on the

the ground. He then hopped up to his chamber to finiſh his dinner, congratulating himſelf that he had knocked out the brains of a roguiſh lawyer.

As ſoon as the attorney had recovered himſelf, ſo as to be able to get up, he looked about him, to ſee whether he could not procure evidence to ſupport an action on the caſe for an aſſault, but ſeeing none, he crawled up to the dining-room, where the commodore was finiſhing his meſs, and told him that if there was any law in England, he would puniſh him to the utmoſt rigor of it. He then produced the forged letter, which had been ſent in the name of the commodore, but no ſooner had the old man read it, than he ordered the attorney to be toſſed in a blanket in the caſtle-yard. Hatchway and Pipes performed the operation with ſo much dexterity, that the ſkin of the limb of the law, was as much disfigured as any ſheet of parchment that ever iſſued from his office. The attorney having received this wholeſome diſcipline, was then ducked in a horſe-pond, and left to purſue his journey home in the beſt manner he could. Stimulated with motives of revenge, he brought his action for damages againſt the commodore, and the affair was tried at the next aſſizes. Several witneſſes were examined, but as ill luck would have it, not one could prove a ſingle circumſtance, ſo that the attorney was nonſuited, to the no ſmall pleaſure of many perſons preſent, whom he had by his pernicious advice, led into vexatious law-ſuits, and actually ruined, under pretence of promoting their intereſt.

Their

Their next exploit was much more diverting, and conducted by the very ingenious Tom Pipes. The hide of a large ox was made choice of, and being properly ſtuffed, the jaw-bone of a ſhark was fixed to his face, with two large glaſs eyes. Within were ſeveral matches burning, which gave the whole the moſt dreadful appearance, and this was fixed near the bedchamber of the commodore. No ſooner did the commodore ſee the dreadful apparition ſpewing out blue fire, than he imagined himſelf in hell, for few people in the world are more ſuperſtitious than ſeamen. His courage, however, did not forſake him, for lifting up his ſtick, he ſtruck it ſuch a blow, that one of the horns was almoſt fractured. He then took to his heels, but could not run long, when he ſunk down with fear; for he believed the artificial apparition to be the devil. Tom Pipes, who beheld the whole, was not willing to loſe any part of the diverſion, and therefore juſt as the commodore was beginning to faint, he ran towards him and tripped up his heels.

The commodore being in ſome meaſure recovered by his fears rather than the hope of delivery, called out in the moſt vociferous manner, upon which the ſervants came to his aſſiſtance. They found him in a cold ſweat, for fear had impaired both his ſenſes and faculties, ſo that he was little better than a dead man. Hatchway endeavoured to raiſe him up, and enquiring into the cauſe of his misfortune, was told by the commodore, that he had met Davy Jones, (the name given by the ſailors to the devil) and that he knew him by his ſaucer-eyes. It is very remarkable, that of all injuries, thoſe that we receive in youth

youth, make the moſt laſting impreſſion, eſpecially when they are accompanied with circumſtances of an aggravating nature. It ſeems that while the commodore was only a ſchool-boy, he had been detected in ſtealing deer, and being carried before a neighbouring juſtice, his worſhip uſed him in ſo cruel a manner, that he was obliged to content himſelf with a place in the county gaol. There he remained near a year, and his relations refuſing to do any thing for him, he was obliged to embrace the alternative, either to remain in priſon, or go on board of a ſhip. He choſe the latter, and having undergone all thoſe hardſhips that are connected with naval affairs, he conceived the utmoſt averſion to all thoſe related to him, and refuſed to have any connection with them for the future.

Peregrine, who was acquainted with every particular of this affair, told Hatchway and Pipes that he would have a notable piece of fun at his uncle's expence. The propoſal was reliſhed by the two confederates, and it was agreed upon between them, that a proper perſon ſhould be made choice of, to come to the commodore with a forged letter, in the name of that relation, who of all others, had uſed him with the greateſt cruelty. The perſon made choice of for this purpoſe, was the exciſeman of the pariſh, and having received proper directions, he went one morning to the commodore, about two hours before the uſual time of his getting up. The commodore ſwore he would not come down till the uſual time of turning out, but the exciſeman having told the ſervant that his buſineſs was of the moſt urgent nature, he reſolved to comply.

Having

Having crept out of his bed, he made a ſhift to crawl down ſtairs, grumbling and curſing all the way for being diſturbed of his reſt. When he came into the parlour, the ſuppoſed relation addreſſed himſelf to him in all the fulſome flattery that has an effect on weak minds; but the commodore, who did not reliſh any thing of that nature, deſired him to give over his compliments, and come to the point at once.

Upon that, the ſtranger preſented him a letter, written, as he ſaid, by that uncle who had uſed him with ſo much cruelty while he was in priſon, for ſtealing the deer; and to add the more to the aggravation that it muſt neceſſarily occaſion, he told him that he had been to him one of the kindeſt relations that ever lived.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the perturbation of mind which the commodore felt, when he read the letter, and at laſt loſing all manner of patience, he tore it into a thouſand pieces, and trod upon the fragments on the floor. He curſed all his relations to the loweſt pit of hell, and declared that he would not give one farthing, or the value of a rope's end, to keep them above board.

The exciſeman, who was no ſtranger to the character of the commodore, began to conſider himſelf in perilous circumſtances, and therefore walked towards the door, in order to procure a retreat, not doubting but he would be able to make the commodore hearken to the voice of reaſon. He then told the commodore that he was one of the moſt ungrateful wretches in the world, for uſing his own relations in ſo ſhameful a manner, and concluded, by aſking him what

he thought they would ſay of ſuch an unnatural behaviour.

The commodore could conceal his reſentment no longer, and turning to Tom Pipes, ordered him to take his ſuppoſed relation to the gang way, and there give him a round dozen doubled. Tom, though an accomplice in the whole of the ſcheme, yet obeyed his orders with dexterity and punctuality. He called on ſome of the ſervants to aſſiſt him, who readily obeyed, and the poor gauger was conducted over the draw-bridge to the yard, where he was tied to a ſtake, in order to undergo proper diſcipline. He ſtill imagined that Tom Pipes was in jeſt, but that arch-rogue who was not too fond of what we call moral obligations, having tied him ſo faſt, that he could not well make his eſcape, went in ſearch of a rope for the intended operation. When he arrived, the exciſeman told him that he hoped he was not in earneſt, to which Tom anſwered, that he was very ſorry for the part he was to act, but as his maſter's orders were abſolute, he was obliged to comply with them. He then undreſſed the poor exciſeman, and gave him ſuch a hearty flogging, that he curſed the day he h d ever been engaged in ſuch an undertaking, threatning at the ſame time to reveal the whole ſcheme to the commodore. From doing that, however, he was prevented by Lieutenant Hatchway, who told him that if he made the affair public, he would be found guilty of perjury, for he had perſonated the name of a man with whom he was utterly unacquainted. This ſerved to ſilence the exciſeman, who as ſoon as he was looſed from the poſt, took to his heels with the utmoſt expedition, and ran home to his wife,

wife, who waited for him with the utmoſt impatience.

It cannot be ſuppoſed that ſuch a ſpecies of fraud and miſchief, ſhould be long carried on without detection, and the commodore having revolved all the circumſtances in his mind, charged young Peregrine with it. At firſt, the boy denied the whole, but, when he had received a ſevere flogging, he made an ample confeſſion, which ſo much exaſperated the commodore, that he reſolved to turn Hatchway out of the caſtle. But he had been ſo long accuſtomed to the ſociety of the lieutenant, as well as Pipes, that he could not live without them, ſo that they were both freely forgiven.

In the mean time young Peregrine made ſuch progreſs in learning, that it was propoſed to ſend him to ſome public ſchool, and that of Wincheſter was made choice of by his tutor, and approved of by the commodore. Indeed, the commodore's lady had ſeveral reaſons for wiſhing to get rid of our young adventurer, for, beſides his many knaviſh pranks, ſhe conſidered him as a ſpy on her conduct. Mr. Jolter, a reverend clergyman, of very high notions, was made choice of and recommended by the parſon of the pariſh to be tutor to young Peregrine. Jolter was not a bad ſcholar, but he had lived ſo long in a college, that his temper was ſoured, ſo that no perſon could have been made choice of more improper for ſuperintending the education of a young gentleman. Tom Pipes, who had been long accuſtomed to a jacket and trowſers, was put into a ſuit of decent livery, in order to attend our adventurer and parſon Jolter as a footman. The

commodore propoſed, that they ſhould ſet out to take leave of the young gentleman's father, but the mother refuſed to ſee him, ſo unnatural was ſhe to her child, for reaſons that no one could account for. The commodore, however, made up all that was wanting in the affections of the parents, for he adopted young Peregrine as his heir, and ſettled him at Wincheſter on the moſt genteel footing. The commodore's lady made a handſome preſent to Mr. Jolter, as a reward for his piety, and Hatchway inſiſted on ſtaying at the ſchool along with Peregrine. He told the commodore, that he had ſome thoughts of learning the Latin lingo, although he did not at that time know the difference between a noun and a verb. The commodore expoſtulated with the lieutenant on the impropriety of thinking to learn Latin at ſuch a period of life, and as he could not bear the thought of living without him, he told him, that if he would return to the caſtle, he would give him leave to viſit young Peregrine once every month. Hatchway was not ſuch a fool, but he could feel the force of what was ſaid by the commodore, and therefore having given up all thoughts of learning Latin, he took leave of our young gentleman, though not without ſhedding tears. He ſaid he was ſure the young dog had betwitched him, for he could not look at him, without loving him. Indeed, there was ſuch an honeſt ſimplicity in the lieutenant, that he thought well of all the human race, and could not help loving ſuch as were young.

Peregrine had not been long at the ſchool, when his genius began to diſtinguiſh itſelf in a moſt conſpicuous manner. His pupil was ſuch an

arrant

arrant pedant, that he ſeemed a very proper object for him to exerciſe his ingenuity upon, and therefore he began by mixing brandy and other ſtrong liquors with his tea, ſo that he was often intoxicated without knowing the cauſe. By ſuch practice he brought the character of his tutor into the utmoſt contempt, and to complete the farce, Peregrine was choſen *Dux* or head of a ſelect number of boys, who reſolved to ſhake off all obedience to their tutors. The head maſter having received information of theſe proceedings ſent for Mr. Jolter, and told him that he muſt keep a more ſtrict watch over the morals of his pupils, otherwiſe he would corrupt one half of the boys in the ſchool.

Mr. Jolter was a good deal diſcompoſed when he received the information, but as nothing could be more juſt or reaſonable, he went home, and called Peregrine into his room. He repeated to him the dangerous conſequences of ſuch practices, and the diſgrace he would bring upon himſelf and his relations, unleſs there was ſome change in his conduct.

Peregrine, though a wild youth, was not deſtitute of good ſenſe, and therefore ſeeing the propriety of what was ſaid by his tutor, he promiſed to be more obedient for the future.

Mr. Jolter was ſo overjoyed at this inſtance of his pupil's docility, that he reſolved to improve it to the beſt advantage, and therefore propoſed to him the ſtudy of the mathematicks, as the only ſcience that can enlarge the mind, by leading it off from objects of a trifling nature. The young gentleman entered upon the ſtudy with the utmoſt pleaſure, but no ſooner had he gone

through the firſt two books of Euclid, than he became ſo much diſguſted with the whole ſcience that he declared he would not purſue it any further. In vain did Mr. Jolter remonſtrate to his pupil on the great impropriety of his conduct; the young gentleman remained inexorable, and nothing could induce him to proceed any further. Indeed he ſhook off all manner of reſtraint, he refuſed to be obedient to his tutor any longer, upon which the head maſter deſired Mr. Jolter to write to the commodore, that he might as ſoon a poſſible remove Tom Pipes from attending on Peregrine, for that antiquated ſeaman was now become a general nuiſance to the whole ſchool.

The truth is, Tom Pipes was at the head of every ſcene of miſchief, and nothing ſeemed to give him ſo much pleaſure, as that of tormenting his fellow-creatures. He mingled in all their diverſions, and decided in every controverſy that aroſe between them. He regulated their manual exerciſe by his whiſtle, and he preſcribed rules to each of them according to their different ages. Indeed Tom Pipes was in a manner become ſo neceſſary to the boys, that it could not be ſuppoſed that they would part with him without an inſurrection taking place. Peregrine was ſenſible of this, and therefore on promiſing to be more circumſpect in the reſt of his conduct, Pipes was allowed to continue at the ſchool ſometime longer. This, however, was a reſolution too good to laſt long, as will appear from the following incident.

One day Tom Pipes having conducted ſome of the boys to a garden in the ſuburbs, they were very rude

rude in pulling the fruit, which ſo inraged the gardener, that he came to them and demanded ſatisfaction. The boys refuſed to ſatisfy his demands, upon which the great dog was ſet looſe upon them, and in the ſcuffle Peregrine loſt his cap. The engagement now became general, the gardener called his apprentice to his aſſiſtance, while Tom Pipes led on the inſurgents in battle array. The gardener, who was a ſtout fellow, took his ſtand at the turning of one of the avenues, and when Pipes advanced, he gave him ſuch a blow on the head, that his ſcull rung as if it had been made of bell metal.

Pipes ſoon recovered from the dreadful blow he had received, and darting his head into the boſom of the gardener tumbled him into a trench, that he had newly digged, nor did it fare better with the dog, who coming up to the aſſiſtance of his maſter, laid hold of the calf of Tom Pipes' leg, and would have eaten it for his dinner, had not the ſeaman turned about, and in an inſtant put a period to the exiſtence of the foracious animal.

The gardener was now ſo much overpowered that he knew not what to do, and his wife having alarmed the neighbourhood, Tom Pipes adviſed the ſcholars to deſiſt, leſt they ſhould be all apprehended and committed to priſon. The ſcholars complied with his requeſt, but as the gardener was rendered incapable of following his work, and as his children became chargeable to the pariſh, an enquiry was ſet on foot to find out the aggreſſors.

The reſult of the enquiry was, that our adventurer was found to be at the head of this

unruly mob of boys, and therefore it was ordered that he ſhould undergo a ſevere flogging, and a day was appointed for the execution of this ſolemn decree.

The thoughts of being diſgraced in this manner was wha he could not bear, and, therefore, he reſolved to make an elopement from the ſchool. He communicated his intentions to ſome of the moſt active of the ſcholars, and when the time arrived that he was to receive the threatened diſcipline, they came with him into the ſchool, and demanded of the maſter that he ſhould inſtantly be forgiven. The maſter, however, behaved with that dignity becoming his ſtation, and Peregrine, notwithſtanding his profeſſions of courage, was horſed and whipped, to the terror of all others, who ſhould for the future offend in the like manner. This diſgrace had ſuch an effect upon him, that he reſolved to detach himſelf from his diſorderly companions, and apply himſelf in good earneſt to his ſtudies. He was now above fourteen years of age, and in ſtature and ſhape one of the fineſt figures that ever was ſeen. The young ladies began to take notice of him, and there being a ball one evening he went to dance at it, as is the common practice with young gentlemen.

While he was waiting for the company, the maſter of the ceremonies took notice of him, and ſingled out for him a partner, a young lady, whoſe name was Emily Gauntlet, and ſiſter to a young gentleman who happened to be there at the ſame time. The young lady was extremely handſome, and her exterior appearance was ſet off by all the improvements that the intellectual faculties

faculties can receive. When the ball was over our hero returned to his lodgings, but he could not ſleep during the whole of the night. In the morning he aroſe, and having dreſſed himſelf in the moſt agreeable manner, he went to the lodgings of Miſs Gauntlet, and was ſhewn into the parlour. Emilia made her appearance in the moſt inchanting dreſs; and the paſſions of our hero were now wound up to the higheſt pitch. The mother of the young lady was ſtill in bed, and when ſhe got up ſhe ſeemed to look upon Peregrine in no very favourable light, for ſhe conſidered him in no other light than a young ſpark who wanted to make himſelf merry at the expence of ſuch young females as are weak enough to harken to their ſolicitations.

The young lady treated him with all the indulgence ſhe poſſibly could, conſiſtent with the regard ſhe ought to have had for her own character, and invited him to viſit her from time to time at her mother's houſe, which was only a few miles diſtant. This was juſt what he wiſhed for, and in the midſt of his mutual embraces, he declared to her, that his paſſion was the moſt pure that ever took place in the human breaſt. Being obliged to take leave of his charmer, he returned to ſchool, but became ſo penſive and melancholy, that all his former acquaintance began to ſhun his company. At laſt he reſolved to elope, and having tied up a bundle of linen, with other neceſſaries, he gave it to Tom Pipes, and next morning both ſet out together on foot, for the village where the mother of Emilia lived.

When he came to the village, he took lodgings at an inn, and leaving Tom Pipes to take care of his baggage, he ſet out for the houſe where his charmer reſided, ſtruggling under all that anxiety of mind that generally takes place in the mind of a lover.

When he came to the gate, he was ſo much taken up with the thoughts of the young lady, that when ſhe made her appearance he ſcarce knew her; for his mind was tortured with all the variety of diſcordant paſſion. She received him in the moſt complaiſant manner, and conducted him to the parlour, where her mother was then ſitting drinking tea. This was a more favourable reception than he had any reaſon to expect; but every thing ſucceeding ſo far according to his wiſh, it was propoſed that he and the young lady ſhould take a walk together till towards evening. Upon their return, the mother invited Peregrine to ſupper, and the young lovers being left alone, many tender things paſſed between them. He proteſted in the moſt ſolemn manner that he loved her above every one he had ever ſeen; while ſhe on her part chid him gently for running away from ſchool. In this ſhe was ſeconded by her mother, whoſe circumſtances had taught her prudence; for ſhe was the widow of a general officer who had loſt his life in the ſervice of his country, and had left his ſon in the humble ſtation of a volunteer, waiting for the intereſt of ſome great man to beſtow upon him a commiſſion.

While he remained under the influence of this ſweet intoxication, his abſence occaſioned no ſmall diſturbance at Wincheſter, and Mr. Jolter wrote

wrote to the commodore, giving him an account of his elopement. The poor old commodore received the news of the elopement with the utmoſt ſurpriſe, and curſed Hatchway and Tom Pipes, for having debauched the boy's mind, by leading him off from a ſenſe of his duty. Nor did he ſpare Jolter, whom he called an old doating fool, becauſe he had not kept a better look out, to prevent Peregrine from foundering. He immediately diſpatched expreſſes to all the ſea-ports on the coaſt, to prevent his going abroad, while Lieutenant Hatchway was diſpatched acroſs the country, to make all the enquiries he could concerning the young fugitive. Hatchway ſpent four days without receiving any intelligence, when being benighted, he took up his lodgings at a village, where he had not regaled himſelf long, when he heard the voice of his old friend Tom Pipes, entertaining a company of ruſtics with a ſong in true ſea language. Hatchway flung his pipe into the chimney corner, and graſping a piſtol in his hand, went to the room where Pipes was, and ſwore that he would blow his brains out, unleſs he produced young Peregrine. Pipes, not in the leaſt intimidated, told the lieutenant that Peregrine was as ſafe as a roach, and that he would produce him as ſoon as he had finiſhed his ſong. Hatchway could not have any objection to this propoſal, and Tom having finiſhed his ſong, and diſmiſſed the company, the two old meſs-mates retired to another room. There Pipes recited to the lieutenant every circumſtance relating to the elopement, and before they had done ſpeaking, Peregrine came in from his miſtreſs with whom he had ſpent the evening. Hatchway was over-

joyed

joyed to ſee his long-loſt young maſter, but much more ſo, when he found that he was ſenſible of his folly in running away from ſchool, and vexing his generous friend the commodore. At laſt, it was agreed that they ſhould ſet out the next morning for Wincheſter, and in the mean time Peregrine went to take leave of his miſtreſs. Their parting was truly affecting, but as there was a neceſſity for it, the young lady pretended to make no objections, while her mother ſaid all ſhe could in favour of parental authority, and next morning our hero returned to Wincheſter, where he was received in the moſt kindly manner, by Parſon Jolter, his tutor.

The maſter of the ſchool forgave him on account of his youth, but when Hatchway returned to the garriſon, and told the whole of the circumſtances to the commodore, the old gentleman was very much grieved, eſpecially when he began to conſider that there was a young lady in the caſe. He reſolved, therefore, to lay the whole of the affair before Mr. Pickle, his father, that proper meaſures might be concerted, in order to prevent his ruin. In the mean time, Peregrine ſent a love epiſtle to his miſtreſs, and concluded, by telling her, that he would never place his affections on any other object. This letter was ſent by the hands of the faithful Tom Pipes, with ſtrict orders that it ſhould be delivered into her own hands, without communicating the contents to any perſon whatever beſides herſelf.

Tom Pipes being thus employed as ambaſſador, took his place on the box of a ſtage-coach, and that the letter might not be loſt, he put it between the ſole of his ſhoe and ſtocking. This was very

conſiſtent with his own vulgar ideas, but no ſooner did he come to the inn, than feeling for the letter, he found that by the motion of the coach, it was all torn in pieces. This was a moſt ſhocking circumſtance for poor Tom Pipes, who curſed both the coachman and the coach. There was, however, no time to be loſt, and therefore, after ſome reflection, he reſolved to ſend for the clerk of the pariſh, and get him to write a letter of a ſimilar nature.

Accordingly, Tom went in queſt of the ſchoolmaſter, who was one of the moſt arrant pedants that ever lived, and bringing him to the inn, got him to write a letter in that ſtile which thoſe of his fraternity call the true ſublime. Pipes was ſo much overjoyed when he heard it read, that he could not refrain from ſqueezing the pedagogue by the hand, telling him at the ſame time, that it was light in its timbers, and would for ever remain above water. Fluſhed with the hopes of ſucceſs, he ſet out for the houſe where the young lady reſided, not doubting but he would meet with a favourable reception, but when ſhe had read the nonſenſical epiſtle, ſhe concluded that either her lover was mad, or that he had ſent the letter with no other view, than to make her an object of ridicule.

Pipes, who doubted not but he would receive a favourable anſwer, was diſmiſſed with viſible marks of contempt, and next day he arrived at Wincheſter. Peregrine, who had waited for his return with the utmoſt impatience, no ſooner ſaw him, than he reached out his hand for a letter, but being informed that he had none, he immediately concluded, that Emilia had not an opportunity

portunity to write, and therefore he reſolved to wait the return of the poſt. But as he did not receive any anſwer during the whole of the enſuing week, his pride was ſummoned up to his aſſiſtance, and he began to deſpiſe the woman whom he imagined had treated him with ſo much indignity.

His behaviour ſoon reached the ears of the young lady's mother, and from that circumſtance ſhe was convinced that he was the ſame coxcomb as he had repreſented himſelf in his letter. She therefore ordered her daughter not to think any more of him, and thus a youthful correſpondence was broken off merely by the conduct of Pipes, who took no more notice of it than if he had been aſſiſting in ſinking a ſhip, or preventing one from deſtruction.

While things were going on in this manner, the commodore, who never loſt ſight of the intereſt of young Peregrine, conſulted the parſon of the pariſh concerning the moſt proper means to be uſed, and at laſt it was agreed upon between them, that he ſhould be taken from the ſchool, and ſent to the univerſity. Accordingly he was ſent for home along with his tutor, Mr. Jolter, who had not, during the whole time he was at Wincheſter, taught him any thing that could contribute towards promoting his intereſt. Mr. Pickle no ſooner ſaw his ſon, than he vowed that he was grown up to years of diſcretion, and he beſtowed a thouſand bleſſings on the commodore, for having been at ſo much expence in his education, but his mother was of a different opinion, for ſhe had conceived ſuch an inveterate hatred to her eldeſt ſon, that ſhe looked upon him

as

an object of deteſtation. She ordered that none of the ſervants ſhould for the future grant him admittance to the houſe, which ſo much exaſperated Hatchway, that he ſwore he would be revenged on her one way or other. Indeed, it is not to be wondered at, for the honeſt lieutenant imagined that every one was as innocent as himſelf.

The commodore, who under an outſide of ſavage ruſticity, poſſeſſed real goodneſs of heart, could not hear with indifference the manner in which Mr. Pickle uſed his ſon, and therefore having beſtowed a volly of curſes upon the whole family, he took Peregrine home along with him to the caſtle. It was then reſolved, that our young adventurer ſhould be ſent to the univerſity along with Mr. Jolter, who was ſtill to act the part of his tutor; but he had not been long at Oxford, when he diſcovered ſuch a diſpoſition for ſatire, that every one of the young nobility and gentry courted his friendſhip, not doubting but they would be able to make his ingenuity ſubſervient to their purpoſes. Mr. Jolter, who had the intereſt of Peregrine entirely at heart, in order to divert him from ſuch practices, introduced him to the company of a club of politicians, who were reputed men of knowledge and probity, and who ſpent the evenings in animadverting on the conduct of the miniſtry, and hatching ſchemes for overturning the government both in church and ſtate.

It is not to be ſuppoſed that a youth ſo volatile as Peregrine, would be much delighted with the company of men, who inſtead of ſpeaking conſiſtent with their characters as rational creatures,

were

were like an aſſembly of quakers, or rather of ſuperannuated or melancholy cats. Indeed, he looked upon them in ſo mean and contemptible a light, that he ſoon began to deſpiſe them, and one night having made them all drunk, he ſtarted a topic of argument that irritated their paſſions ſo much, that they got to loggerheads, and bottles and glaſſes flew about in ſuch abundance, that ſcarce one in the company could make his eſcape without receiving a mark that would put him in mind of the nocturnal adventure.

The uproar was ſo great that the whole neighbourhood was alarmed, and juſt at that inſtant, the proctor happening to be returning to his chambers, took them all into cuſtody, except Mr. Jolter, who made his eſcape at the expence of a couple of black eyes. Next morning he was ſummoned to attend the proctor, in order to anſwer for his conduct, which frightened him conſiderably, but Peregrine, who was an arch-wag, told him that he would, by the help of a certain paint, hide the circles around his eyes, to all which Jolter ſubmitted, but when he made his appearance, the fraud was diſcovered, and he received a ſevere reprimand.

For ſome time Parſon Jolter was ſo much mortified, that he ſcarce knew how to appear in public, and not doubting but Peregrine had a principal ſhare in the whole ſcheme, he could not refrain from ſhewing marks of his reſentment. This was what the proud ſpirit of our adventurer could not bear, and therefore in revenge for the inſolence of his tutor, he wrote a copy of verſes againſt him, in ſuch ſatirical language, that poor Jolter heſitated, whether he ſhould not lay out his

his laſt ſhilling, in the purchaſe of a rope, in order to deprive the hangman of his *legal* wages.

Peregrine uſed often to make excurſions to different parts of the country, particularly Windſor, where while he was one day walking along with a fellow collegian, he diſcovered Emilia, and made up to her. The young lady had not forgotten the inſult offered her in the odious letter, written by the pariſh clerk, at the inſtigation of Tom Pipes, and therefore ſhe treated him in a cold formal manner. She refuſed to hear any thing that he had to ſay in his defence; but after ſeveral ſolicitations, ſhe agreed to honour him with an interview, during which time the whole myſtery was cleared up, and a mutual reconciliation took place, though not before the amiable young lady had procured a free pardon for poor Pipes and the pedantic clerk. In the mean time, his long abſence from Oxford, gave great uneaſineſs to Mr. Jolter, who with all his faults, ſtill wiſhed his pupil well, and therefore having learned the name of the young gentleman with whom he had made the excurſion to Windſor, he went to his chambers, and was told that Peregrine was ſtill at Windſor along with Miſs Emily Gauntlet, and that it would be no eaſy matter to diſengage them from each other.

In conſequence of that information, Mr. Jolter ſet out for Windſor, where he met with his pupil, and remonſtrated to him on the impropriety of his conduct. This put Peregrine into a moſt violent paſſion, and high words aroſe between him and his tutor. Mr. Jolter could never forgive Peregrine, for the part he had acted, in making him ſo ridiculous at the political club; and,

and, although he was under many obligations to the commodore, yet he would have given up his charge, had he not been in expectation of receiving a rich living, which the aged naval officer was expected to have in his power, to present him to after the death of an incumbent, who was then far advanced in years. The thoughts of such a valuable acquisition made him keep his passions under proper restraint, and although often insulted by Peregrine, yet he resolved to dissemble his resentment, till such time as he was properly provided for.

Peregrine was so much exasperated at the conduct of his tutor, that he wrote a letter to his aunt, and in answer received one which mortified his pride to the utmost. She told him, that the commodore had all along treated him with the greatest tenderness, and that it was his duty to be obedient to him in every thing, but this so far from bringing his passions under the government of reason, only served to inflame them the more, and therefore he wrote a letter in the most polite stile to the commodore, attempting to ridicule his conduct, by throwing the whole blame upon Jolter, whom he accused of tyranny and partiality.

The commodore, who knew no other phrases than such as are made use of at sea, wrote Peregrine an answer, wherein he told him, that if he would be a good boy, he would yet take him into favour, but if he continued refractory, he would discard him for ever.

Hatchway, who had been dispatched with this letter to Peregrine, said all he could to persuade the young gentlemen to comply with the commodore's

modore's requeſt, and in order to prevail with him, told him, that if he had ſeduced the young lady, he was willing to take her off his hands. Hatchway had ſtrict orders to bring our young hero home to the caſtle, but no ſooner had he mentioned the affair to him, than Peregrine ſtarted up, and declared his reſolution that no perſon ſhould compel him to comply with a propoſal ſo contrary to his inclination. Hatchway was ſo much irritated at what Peregrine ſaid, that he tripped up his heels, and laid him flat on the floor, calling him at the ſame time one of the moſt ſaucy boys that ever walked between ſtem and ſtern. Peregrine would have dropped all manner of altercation with one whom he loved for the honeſt ſimplicity of his manners, but nothing would ſerve the lieutenant, unleſs he would fight him with ſword and piſtols. The place made choice of for the deciding this important quarrel, was Windſor foreſt, to which our two combatants walked, but in their way thither, they were met by Tom Pipes, who had armed himſelf with a large wooden cudgel. As Pipes had the utmoſt reſpect for the lieutenant, with whom he had ſerved many years on board, and as he really wiſhed well to young Peregrine, ſo he reſolved to prevent any miſchief that ſhould happen, and in conſequence of that reſolution, brought both parties to agree together, and the commodore wrote a very feeling letter to Peregrine, promiſing him that nothing ſhould be wanting to promote his intereſt for the future.

When Peregrine had viewed the commodore's letter, he was ſo much chagrined, that he became for ſome weeks a perfect ſlave to melancholy,

choly, but the impetuoſity of his paſſions getting the better of every thing, he reſolved to aſſert his dignity as a rational creature, and not to be any longer the dupe of a family, who ſeemed to ſeek the promotion of his intereſt no farther than was conſiſtent with their own inclinations. Stimulated by motives of reſentment againſt Hatchway, and ſtill a captive to love, he went to viſit his charmer, not doubting but her converſation would contribute towards rubbing off that ruſticity that he had contracted during the melancholy under which he had laboured. He told her that his uncle the commodore had propoſed that he ſhould make the tour of Europe, and he could not help expatiating on the pleaſure that he would enjoy in the volatile court of Paris, where nothing leſs than intrigue and gallantry could make a diſtinguiſhing figure.

The young lady heard him with emotion, nor was it in her power to prevent the tears from dropping down from her lovely eyes, eſpecially when ſhe was told that the commodore was offended at their meeting ſo often together. To remove all her ſcruples, he told her that he would be hers to the lateſt period of his exiſtence, and at the ſame time endeavoured to convince her of the neceſſity he was under of paying an implicit obedience to his uncle's commands. The young lady could not help feeling in the moſt ſenſible manner the force of what he advanced, and therefore compoſing herſelf, ſhe told him that ſhe was perfectly ſatisfied, and that for the future ſhe would not object to any part of his conduct, unleſs by ſome freſh action of his infidelity, he ſhould give her occaſion to do ſo. Every thing being

being thus ſettled in the moſt amicable manner, the young lady took her leave, and our hero, who reſolved to comply with his uncle's requeſt, diſpached the lieutenant and parſon Jolter to the caſtle, to inform the commodore, that as ſoon as he had ſettled a few trifling things among his fellow collegians, he would return, and comply with every thing that he had propoſed for him, with reſpect to the regulation of his future conduct particularly, and making the tour of Europe.

In his journey to the caſtle he took Emilia along with him part of the way, and on the evening of the firſt day they took up their lodgings at a country inn, which at that time was crouded with great numbers of people, who had been at a neighbouring fair, and were now regaling themſelves with beer and tobacco. This was a circumſtance that our lovers were obliged to put up with: but in the middle of the night they were alarmed with the cry of fire; and, upon enquiry, it was found, that the country people, having got drunk, had left ſome candles burning, ſo that two of the galleries were inſtantly in a flame. Peregrine and Tom Pipes ſtarted up in an inſtant, and ſaved the young lady, as well as her companion; and ſo diſintereſted was poor Tom, that he refuſed to accept of a reward which they generouſly offered him.

Next day they arrived at the houſe where the young lady's mother lived, but her brother had no ſooner ſeen our hero, than he conſidered him as one who had a deſign to injure his ſiſter, and therefore treated him in the moſt haughty manner. This was more than Peregrine would have

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bore with from any other perſon, but the love he had for Emilia induced him to conceal his reſentment. The young lady, who could not diſſemble her paſſion for him any longer, gave him a ring to keep as a token of her love, which pleaſed him ſo much that he embraced her with all the ardour of the moſt tender affection, and next morning ſet out on his journey.

He had not, however, proceeded far on his journey, when at the end of a lane, he was met by Godfrey, the brother of the young lady, and commanded to ſtop, till he had given him the ſatisfaction of a gentleman. For ſome time Peregrine inſulted him on account of his poverty, and told him in plain terms, if he did not go inſtantly about his buſineſs, he would order his footman, Tom Pipes, to give him a moſt hearty drubbing. This laſt expreſſion ſo much exaſperated Godfrey, that he drew his ſword, ſo that our hero was obliged to do the ſame, and a furious combat enſued. Each of the contending parties were wounded, but Peregrine having broken his ſword, the other refuſed to take any advantage of him, but, leaving him, told him, that for the future he muſt never inſult any gentleman on account of his poverty.

Peregrine, who with his foibles had a large ſhare of humanity, no ſooner heard the laſt words uttered by the young gentleman than he was ſtruck with remorſe, for having treated him ſo diſreſpectfully, and therefore going up to him deſired that he would alight from his horſe, till he ſhould have an opportunity of explaining his ſentiments. The young gentleman, who was no more than a cadet in the army, though the

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ſon of a general officer, ſuppoſed he wanted to finiſh the combat, and therefore alighting, walked with him into a room, where he expected he would preſent him with a brace of piſtols. But how great was his ſurprize when Peregrine gave him to underſtand, that he was willing to do any thing to promote his intereſt, and that his paſſion for his ſiſter was the moſt pure that could be imagined. He added that he was going to ſet out for France, and Godfrey having promiſed to meet him at the commodore's, they both parted on the moſt friendly terms.

The commodore was now turned of ſeventy, and ſo much crippled by the gout, that he was ſcarce able to ſtir abroad. Mr. Pickle, his brother-in-law, gave him but very little of his company, ſo that the old gentleman, was in a manner, reſtored to a new ſtate of life, in conſequence of having young Peregrine once more to attend him. Gamaliel, the younger brother of Peregrine, was now about fifteen years of age, but of ſuch a perverſe diſpoſition, that although his mother conſidered him as her favourite, yet every one in the houſe, as well as in the neighbourhood, treated him with the moſt ſovereign contempt.

One day while young Gam. was riding out along with his tutor, the curate of the pariſh, Peregrine happened to come in ſight, and Gam. who had been taught to offer him all the indignities he could, rode up againſt him, in order to unhorſe him. Peregrine, who gueſſed his intention, acted in ſo ſpirited a manner, that young Gam. was flung from his horſe, and before he had time to recover himſelf, Peregrine diſmounted,

mounted, and gave the curate ſuch a hearty drubbing, that he was not able, for ſeveral weeks after, to make his appearance in the church, ſo that he was obliged to ſay, "Lord have mercy upon us," at home.

Complaints were made to the commodore, but the good old ſeaman, inſtead of paying any regard to them, declared that he wiſhed young Gam. had broke his neck, ſo as Peregrine was out of the ſcrape.

As Peregrine could not put up calmly with the affront that had been offered him by the curate, ſo he reſolved to take a ſevere revenge on that reverend gentleman. Accordingly he and Hatchway ſet out for the alehouſe where the curate ſpent his evenings, and having engaged a parlour for themſelves, the lieutenant was placed to keep a good look out, while Peregrine, who was an excellent mimic, went into the yard, and perſonated a dialogue between the curate and the wife of the publican. It was not long before the landlord heard what paſſed, and concluding that his ſpouſe was gone into the barn with the prieſt, he run thither in ſearch of the adulterers, while Peregrine got in at the window, and ſet down in the moſt demure manner with Hatchway. As the poor publican was too much agitated to ſeek for his wife in the barn, he left the door open, and returned to the houſe, where he ſaw her go in at another door. His ſuſpicions were now fully confirmed, but much more ſo when he heard Hatchway in his arch leering manner, tell him that he believed the curate of the pariſh had ſome regard for his wife.

A few days after this, in order to carry on the farce ſomewhat farther, at the expence of the curate, a boy was diſpatched to inform that reverend gentleman that the publican's wife was extremely ill, and that ſhe could not bear the thoughts of dying without ſpeaking with him. The curate obeyed the ſummons; and, in the mean time, Peregrine, with Hatchway, went to the place as uſual, where they had not been long, when our young hero told the publican, that the parſon was juſt gone in at a private door to the kitchen. This was more than the publican could bear; and, therefore, not doubting but he would meet with the curate at the end of one of the lanes in his return, went into the barn, and armed himſelf with a flail. From thence he ſet out to the place where he expected to meet him, and ſeeing him come up he extended the flail, which, if it had done the execution, there would have been a new place for another poor prieſt. Exaſperated that he had not felled the prieſt to the ground, the publican once more extended the flail, but a ſecond time miſſing his aim, he ſtruck himſelf on the head ſuch a terrible blow, that for ſome time he ſtaggered in the ſame manner as he had often ſeen ſome of his cuſtomers do. In the mean time the curate, who imagined that he had been beſet by ſome robber, graſped his cudgel, and took to his heels, but the publican getting up, purſued him, and gave him ſuch a drubbing, that had not ſome labourers come up to his aſſiſtance, he would have inevitably periſhed.

Hatchway and Peregrine ſat waiting in the parlour till the landlord arrived, and ſeeing the

marks of his rencounter upon him, they began to make themſelves very merry at his expence. He could not conceal from them the manner in which he had treated the curate, whom he called a pariſh bull, let looſe upon the wives of all the honeſt men in the neighbourhood.

He had ſcarce done ſpeaking, when his wife came in, and told him, that ſome waggiſh boy had ſent Mr. Sackbut, the parſon of the pariſh to pray with her. The publican, whoſe jealouſy was now wound up to the higheſt pitch, could conceal his indignation no longer, and therefore turning to his wife, told her that he had diſabled the parſon from praying with her for ſome time. This was what the publican's wife could not bear, and therefore caſting a look of ineffable contempt on her huſband, told him that he had no buſineſs to ſit in company with gentlemen, while the company in the kitchen wanted his attendance. It was in vain for the poor hen-pecked huſband to make any reply, for knowing the ſuperiority that his wife had over him, he left the room, and went to obey her orders. Next day it was reported throughout the pariſh, that Mr. Sackbut had been attacked by footpads and almoſt murdered, and an advertiſement was affixed to the church door, offering a reward to thoſe who would make a diſcovery, but no perſon came to claim it, ſo that the poor parſon was obliged to put up with his drubbing.

It was not long before the curate began to ſuſpect that the whole was a ſcheme projected by Peregrine, for he knew that the whole county could not produce ſuch two cunning rogues as Hatchway and Mr. Thomas Pipes, under whoſe direction

direction our young hero acted. He therefore reſolved to be revenged on Peregrine, and imparted his ſcheme to young Gam, his pupil, but as good luck would have it the ſiſter of Peregrine, an amiable young lady, overheard the whole of their converſation, and communicated it to a young gentleman, who was in love with her, and who gave by her direction an account of it to Peregrine.

To counteract this diabolical ſcheme, it was propoſed that a perſon ſhould be ſent to watch in an adjacent field, in order to give them an account at what time the conſpirators came up. One whole evening was ſpent in vain, for none of them came up, but on the ſecond the meſſenger came to the caſtle, and informed the lieutenant that three men were ſkulking behind a hedge near the road that led to the public houſe.

This news was no ſooner told, than the company ſallied forth, in order to wreck their vengeance on the curate and his pupil, but when they came to the place, they found young Mr. Gauntlet, the brother of Emily, exerciſing his cudgel on a fellow whom he had got down. Peregrine, with the reſt of the company, ran to his aſſiſtance, and having taken the fellow priſoner, conducted him to the caſtle along with the young gentleman, who had left his horſe at the inn. The priſoner being brought before the commodore, confeſſed that he had been employed by the curate of the pariſh, to aſſaſſinate Peregrine, upon which he was ſuffered to go about his buſineſs, to the great mortification of Pipes, who

wanted to give him a round dozen at the gangway.

The commodore treated young Gauntlet with every mark of reſpect, and one day, in the courſe of their converſation together, diſcovered that he had been formerly acquainted with his father, who at that time was only a lieutenant of marines, though an officer of experienced conduct.

Young Gauntlet had ſuch ſcrupulous notions of honour, that before the commodore could prevail on him to accept of as much money as would purchaſe a commiſſion, he was obliged to tell him that he was ſo much indebted to his father, but not knowing what was become of him, had never till then an opportunity of repaying it. Theſe things being ſettled, and French ſervants hired to attend our young hero in his intended tour, Gauntlet left the caſtle, and the commodore ordered that Tom Pipes ſhould remain at home, becauſe he was ignorant of the French lingo. Before Peregrine ſet out, he received a letter from his ſiſter, informing him that ſhe would meet him at a cottage near her father's houſe, in order to converſe with him on ſome things of importance.

He obeyed the ſummons, and when he came to the place, found his ſiſter, and was ſurpriſed to find her poſſeſſed of ſo many accompliſhments beyond what he expected. He propoſed taking her away from her unnatural parents, but before he had done ſpeaking, his mother, who had placed ſpies on her daughter, ruſhed into the apartment, and would have torn the poor young lady to pieces, had not Peregrine interpoſed in her defence. The mother was ſo tranſported

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with rage that ſhe ſeemed like a bedlamite, and when Peregrine began to expoſtulate with her in favour of his ſiſter, ſhe declared that for the future ſhe ſhould never be admitted into her father's houſe. Peregrine was much troubled in what manner he ſhould diſpoſe of his ſiſter, but finding no other method of providing for her than putting her under the protection of his generous benefactor, he took her home to the caſtle, where ſhe met with a welcome reception from the commodore. Old Pickle was obliged to comply with the dictates of his wife, which ſo enraged the commodore, that he ſent him a challenge, but the other had no intention of accepting it. Hatchway, however, was extremely unwilling to loſe a little fun, and therefore returning to the caſtle, told the commodore that old Mr. Pickle would meet him.

As the commodore never knew what it was to be afraid to fight, he reſolved to go, and in the mean time it was propoſed that young Peregrine ſhould perſonate his father, and mimic his voice. A real farce enſued, and the poor commodore was defeated without knowing that the conqueror was his godſon.

The time for his departure drawing nigh, Mr. Jolter was made choice of to attend him as a tutor, and having taken leave of all his friends at the caſtle, he ſet out in a poſt-chaiſe for Dover. Young Gauntlet went with him to ſee him ſafe on board, and before they parted, a plan was ſettled in what manner they ſhould correſpond with each other. When they came to Dover, Parſon Jolter ordered an elegant ſupper to be got ready, and ſome of the beſt Burgundy wine, but

ſcarce had they ſat down, when they were alarmed with a dreadful uproar in the next room. It happened that the diſpute was between a furious Welchman and a poor Italian quack, who not finding proper encouragement in other countries, had come over to England. The Welchman, whoſe Cambrian blood was all on flame, had got the poor foreigner down, and would certainly have killed him, had not Peregrine and the reſt of the company come to his aſſiſtance. The Welchman ſaid, the Italian was a conjuror, and young Gauntlet ſwore that he was a Jeſuit, becauſe thoſe gentlemen never travel without charms and inchantments. Peregrine, however, was not ſo very ſuperſtitious, but told the foreigner, that he was at liberty to proceed on his journey, and that no perſon would moleſt him.

Mr. Jolter, who had now joined the company, and heard the whole affair, declared that he differed in ſentiment from his pupil concerning witchcraft, and ſupported his opinion by many quotations from ſcriptures, as well as from the writings of ſome divines in the laſt century. Young Gauntlet, who had been brought up in the army, corroborated all that was ſaid by Jolter, and told the company that he had ſeen many apparitions, and was well convinced in his own mind of the reality of witchcraft. To all this the Welchman aſſented by declaring that the empire of Pelzebub was far more extenſive than that of Rome, for it had extended to Glamorganſhire, which the Romans could never conquer.

Peregrine did not chuſe to enter the liſt with three ſuch formidable combatants, but contented himſelf, by telling them, that he was convinced

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in his own mind, that witchcraft was nothing more than a ſcare-crow, or bug-bear, invented to frighten the vulgar, after which they all went to ſupper together in the moſt amicable manner. In the courſe of their converſation, it appeared that the Welchman was the ſame Mr. Morgan, who makes ſuch a diſtinguiſhing figure in the adventures of Roderick Random, and who had been ſome years ſettled at Canterbury. It happened, that he had been ſent for to wait on a ſick perſon at Dover, and the Italian being there at the ſame time, a moſt violent diſpute aroſe concerning the nature of the medicines that ſhould be adminiſtered to the patient.

The emperic preſcribed ſpecific medicines, which the patient accepted of, ſo that poor Morgan was diſmiſſed without his fee. This exaſperated him ſo much, that he ſwore revenge againſt the Italian, and not being properly qualified, or rather not having a ſufficient ſhare of patience to reaſon coolly, he called the Italian a necromancer, becauſe his medicines had the deſired effect. That every thing might be made agreeable to Morgan, who was really an honeſt fellow, Peregrine made him a preſent of as much money as he could have expected from the patient, and for that night the company ſeparated, in order to retire to their ſeparate apartments. In the morning, when they got up, they went to viſit the caſtle, with every other curioſity that was to be ſeen at Dover, after which they breakfaſted together, waiting till the packet ſhould be ready to ſail. Morgan declared that he would not leave our hero till he ſaw him ſafe on board, and he was as good as his word, for he kept ſtanding on the ſhore till the packet

hoiſted ſail, after which he and young Gauntlet marched back to the inn, and having refreſhed themſelves, ſet out in a poſt-chaiſe together for Canterbury.

Our hero had not got far out to ſea, when the wind ſhifted about, and blew directly in their faces, and the tide running high, they were in great danger of being loſt. Mr. Jolter, who had been buſy in attempting to ſolve one of the moſt difficult problems in Euclid, happened in the midſt of his reveries, to hear the boy call to put out the dead lights, which frightened him ſo much, that he ſtarted up, and called out, "Lord have mercy "upon us." Peregrine gave up all for loſt, and juſt when he was expecting that the ſhip would go to the bottom, the individual Tom Pipes made his appearance on the deck. It ſeems that this original genius had left the caſtle the day after Peregrine departed, and getting to Dover ſome hours before he embarked, took his place in the packet, and concealed himſelf in the hold.

Alarmed by the danger he was in, Pipes got up from his lurking place, and gave ſuch directions to the ſeamen, that the maſter conſidered him as an angel ſent from heaven to deliver them. By his ſkill in naval affairs, they were enabled to weather the ſtorm, and ſoon after the ſpiers of Calais preſented themſelves to their view. Jolter, who was a real enemy to his own country, no ſooner ſaw France, that land of deſpotiſm, than he began to launch out in praiſe of the French government. Peregrine, who had the moſt contemptible notion of his tutor's abilities, could not refrain from giving him the lie, and in proof of his opinion, no ſooner had they landed, than they were

were ſurrounded by a parcel of cuſtom-houſe officers, who began to toſs and tumble their baggage about, without any regard to the ſo much boaſted politeneſs of their country. As Jolter had been often in France, and conſequently was well acquainted with the manners of the people, he gave the officers a bribe, and told them that his pupil was a young Engliſh nobleman, upon which they deſiſted from ſearching any farther. They told him, however, that the baggage muſt be ſealed up at the cuſtom-houſe, and that there were ſome men ready to carry the trunks thither. This ſo enraged Peregrine, that he knocked ſome of them down, calling them by the moſt opprobrious names, but in an inſtant a whole file of muſquetteers ſurrounded the houſe.

Peregrine was not ſuch a madman as to diſpute the authority of men under arms, and therefore turning to the corporal who commanded the party, deſired him to accompany his baggage to the cuſtom-houſe, and ſee that no harm happened to it. The corporal was ſo mortified at what our hero ſaid, that he darted him a look full of contempt, telling him at the ſame time, that he was ſorry he was ſo little acquainted with the French laws. As ſoon as they had beſpoke a poſt-chaiſe for Paris, our hero found that there was an Engliſh gentleman and his lady in the ſame inn, and therefore he ſent Tom Pipes to the kitchen, in order to ſcrape an acquaintance with their footman. In the mean time he and Parſon Jolter went to view the fortifications, and upon their return, Pipes told Peregrine, that the gentleman was an old debauchee, who had in his youth deſpiſed marriage, but now in his advanced years had

had been led into a match with an oyſter-wench, whoſe impudence was equal to the ſtation in which ſhe had been brought up. He added, that her huſband, upon mature deliberation, being aſhamed of his conduct, had, in order to avoid the reproaches of his friends, and the ſcoffs of his companions, brought her over to France, where it was not likely that ſhe would betray her ignorance, ſeeing ſhe did not underſtand one word of the language. Her temper was violent as well as vulgar, and it was with much difficulty that her huſband had prevented her from engaging in an intrigue with an officer, during one ſingle day that they ſtopped at Canterbury.

Peregrine's paſſions were now wound up to the higheſt pitch, and ſeeing the lady at the window he made a moſt reſpectful bow to her, which ſhe returned in a very low curtſey. She was neatly dreſſed, and had he not been informed of the nature of her former ſtation, he would have taken her for one of thoſe pert ladies, who in general have that ſort of impudence about them which their ſtation in life conceals under another name. He did not imagine there would be any great difficulty for him to ingratiate himſelf into her affections, and with that view he ſent a card to her huſband, whoſe name was Hornbuck, telling him that as he was to ſet out for Paris next day, ſo he would be glad of his company. Mr. Hornbuck, who had ſeen all manner of ſcenes of debauchery, no ſooner received the meſſage, than he ſent a very civil anſwer, telling our hero that he was ſorry he could not have the pleaſure of his company, becauſe his wife had been for ſome days indiſpoſed.

Peregrine

Peregrine was no ſtranger to his motives for ſending ſuch an anſwer, and being extremely uneaſy that he could not gratify his inordinate paſſion, he ſet out next morning with Parſon Jolter in the poſt-chaiſe, being attended by his French ſervants, and Tom Pipes on horſeback. They breakfaſted at Bologne, and it being propoſed that they ſhould reach Abeville that night, the driver went on at ſuch a rate, that the axle-tree broke before they had got a few miles out of the town. This accident obliged them to return to Bologne, where being under the neceſſity of waiting till next day, they ſaw ſome unfortunate Scotch gentlemen who had been engaged in the rebellion, looking earneſtly at that happy iſland, from whence they were for ever baniſhed. Peregrine, who had a moſt compaſſionate heart, could not help ſympathiſing with them, although he differed from them in political principles.

He invited them to ſpend the evening with him, but no ſooner had they got heated with wine, than they forgot their unhappy circumſtances, and launched out in invectives againſt the illuſtrious houſe of Hanover. Our hero, however, had too much generoſity to triumph over their want of prudence, and although one of them, who was the principal aggreſſor, had given him a challenge, yet next morning he was ſo ſenſible of his folly, that he came to his chamber, and aſked pardon in the moſt ſubmiſſive manner, telling him that his many misfortunes had almoſt deprived him of the uſe of his natural reaſon. His requeſt was granted, and having breakfaſted with Peregrine, they took the moſt affectionate leave of each other.

Next day the chaiſe having been got ready, our adventurer, with his retinue, proceeded on their journey, and Parſon Jolter continued to beſtow the higheſt encomiums on the French government. Peregrine interrupted him by pointing to the barren deſolate ſtate of the country, and the miſerable appearance of the inhabitants in their ragged cloaths and wooden ſhoes. Jolter finding it in vain to diſpute with one who could refute him, from the evidence of his ſenſes, ſaid no more till they came to an inn, where they partook of a ſmall refreſhment, and in the evening arrived at a ſmall village called Bernay, where they called for freſh horſes, but were informed by the landlord, that none could be had, for the gates of Abbeville were ſhut up, and there would be no poſſibility of their procuring admittance till next morning.

Mr. Jolter, who had often travelled that road before, did not chuſe to contradict the landlord, and while ſupper was getting ready, our hero ſtrolled about the yard, where to his great ſurpriſe, he ſaw another chaiſe come in with Mr. Hornbuck and his ſpouſe. The landlord, though conſcious that he had not victuals ſufficient to ſerve both his gueſts, yet admitted the gentleman and his lady, and Peregrine, not doubting but he would find an opportunity of converſing with the lady, ſent Mr. Hornbeck an invitation to ſup with him.

Mr. Hornbuck, who was really hungry, accepted of the invitation, and Peregrine having led the lady into the room, placed her at the head of the table. During the evening, while they were at ſupper, the lady could not help darting ſome ſignificant

ſignificant glances at our hero, which he took care to return, but that only ſerved to encreaſe the jealouſy of Hornbuck, who was no ſtranger to intrigues.

For ſome time he endeavoured to conceal his reſentment, but not being able to contain himſelf any longer, he reached out his foot to tread on hers, but as ill luck would have it, he trod on the toe of Parſon Jolter, who happened at that time to have a ſevere corn. The application was made with ſo much good will, that the parſon ſtarted up, and roared about the room like a madman, to the no ſmall diverſion of Peregrine and the lady, who laughed in ſuch an immoderate manner, that they had almoſt thrown themſelves into convulſions. Hornbuck was ſo much confounded at the miſtake he had committed, that he begged pardon of Jolter, who with tears in his eyes, forgave him, and then they ſat down again to ſupper. The reſt of the evening was ſpent in the moſt agreeable manner, and when the time came that they ſhould retire to bed, Peregrine handed the lady into her chamber. Mr. Hornbuck had gone down to the yard, and during that time, our hero declared his paſſion to the lady, but ſhe adviſed him to retire, leſt her huſband ſhould come in. He was not ſo blind as to neglect taking a hint upon which the ſafety of the lady depended, and therefore retiring to his chamber, ſpent the whole night in revolving in his mind what ſchemes would be moſt proper, in order to make Mr. Hornbuck a cuckold. The lady ſpoke to him in the moſt favourable manner, previous to his departure, and as it had been agreed upon that they ſhould travel together next day,

day, he doubted not but he would find an opportunity of completing his deſign.

Next day they breakfaſted at Abbeville, where they learned that the landlord in Berney had played them a French trick, for the gates were not ſhut till ſome hours after they arrived at the village. It was late in the evening before they reached Chantilly, which is not much to be wondered at, when it is conſidered that the journey was one hundred miles. Mr. Hornbuck was ſo much fatigued, that he knew not what to do for a little reſt, and no ſooner had he ſupped, than he fell faſt aſleep in his chair. Jolter, whoſe conſtitution was not ſo delicate, had ſwallowed ſuch large draughts of wine, that he began to yawn, ſo that Peregrine and the lady had ſome time to improve to their mutual wiſhes. Indeed Peregrine had taken care to have opium adminiſtered to Jolter in his wine, which operated ſo ſtrongly upon him, that he dreamed the moſt horrible dreams, and often ſtarted up in violent agonies. At laſt being put to bed as well as Mr. Hornbuck, they both fell faſt aſleep, for the gentleman was ſo much over-powered, that he even forgot his ſpouſe. Peregrine, who longed with impatience to enjoy the lady, went ſoftly to her room, where he found her in a looſe gown and petticoat, and was juſt about completing his wiſhes, when Jolter got out of bed in the next room, and exclaimed *fire! fire!*

Women are very fertile at contriving ſchemes, eſpecially where they are under the neceſſity of vindicating their honour from any aſperſions that may happen to be thrown upon it, and therefore Mrs. Hornbuck, not doubting but her

huſband

huſband would awake, ran into the room where Jolter was, and cried out, "Lord have mercy "upon us, where is it?" Jolter, who was walking in his ſhirt, with his eyes ſhut, made no anſwer, but Peregrine vexed even to a ſtate of madneſs, gave him ſuch a ſlap on the ſhoulder, that in an inſtant he was brought back to the uſe of his reaſon. Mean while, Hornbuck having awaked from his ſleep, and miſſed his ſpouſe, doubted not but ſhe was along with our hero, and jealouſy inſtantly took place in his mind. In going in queſt of his wife, he found that ſhe had dropped her under petticoat, and there being no doubt remaining of her infidelity, he walked up to her, and ſhewed it to her. Her natural preſence of mind hinted an excuſe, for ſhe declared that the petticoat was not her's, ſhe not having ſuch a one in her poſſeſſion. Peregrine, who was very fertile at invention, told him that the petticoat belonged to the inn-keeper's daughter, with whom he had an intrigue, and wondered how he could be ſo fooliſh, as to prevent him from enjoying a little pleaſure.

Hornbuck was too well acquainted with the tricks practiſed by young gentlemen, not to ſee into our hero's intentions, but without diſcovering the leaſt mark of reſentment, haſtened to his bed-chamber with his ſpouſe, and next morning ſet out three hours before Peregrine got up.

Our hero was obliged to put up with his diſappointment, and as ſoon as he had taken lodgings at Paris, he ſent an account of his journey to the commodore. His next buſineſs was to have clothes made in the faſhion, and then he joined himſelf to a company of young gentlemen, who

ſpent

ſpent the evenings in every ſpecies of debauchery. Moſt of theſe were his own countrymen, and as they had much money to ſpend, ſo it is not to be wondered at that they were guilty of many irregularities. In particular, they went one evening to a tavern, the landlady of which was extremely handſome, and our hero ſoon ingratiated himſelf into her good graces. The lady was one of thoſe who are willing to beſtow favours, ſo as they could be conducted with propriety, without giving offence to the huſband; but as ill luck would have it, her huſband was extremely jealous of her, and coming home one evening, found her in ſuch an attitude with our adventurer, that he could not help teſtifying his reſentment. Peregrine, who happened to be then on the eve of enjoyment, was ſo much vexed, that he knocked the huſband down, upon which the watch was called, and all the young gentlemen taken into cuſtody. It happened that the officer of the night was a man of prudence, and therefore finding that little miſchief had been done, he diſcharged them with a gentle reprimand.

This affair made ſuch a noiſe, that it could not be long concealed from Parſon Jolter, and as he reſpected the French government above all others in the world, he conſidered this part of his pupil's conduct as a high indignity offered to its laws. Indeed, the tutor was ſuch a biggoted Jacobite, that his acquaintance reached no farther than among ſome of the Engliſh and Iriſh prieſts, who being extremely poor, ſpend much of their time in teaching foreigners the French language, and inſtilling into the minds of youth the utmoſt averſion to the Engliſh government. Such a

perſon

perſon was not in the leaſt qualified to be the tutor of a young gentleman of our heroes ſpirit, who looked upon him as a moſt arrant pedant. He deſpiſed every word that under the name of inſtruction dropped from his mouth, ſo that poor Jolter, in order to make the commodore believe that he had, at leaſt, in ſome meaſure diſcharged his duty, contented himſelf with writing down, from time to time, an account of the money that Peregrine ſpent.

Peregrine having procured a chariot, and all other ſorts of equipage, according to the faſhion of Paris, he made his appearance at all the places of public diverſion, and viſited the gardens and palaces. But one day as he was returning home, two carmen happened to meet in the ſtreets, and their carts being entangled, they both fell a boxing according to the mode of France. Pipes, who was then behind his maſter's coach, ſeeing one of the carmen on the ground, and the other belabouring him in the moſt unmerciful manner, jumped from his ſtation, and having ſet the defeated combatant on his legs, told him to fight boldly, and he would ſee fair play. Accordingly the combat was again revived, and there being another coach as well as our hero's, interrupted by the engagement, one of the footmen, who ſtood behind, ſtruck one of the combatants with his cane.

Pipes, who had true notions of honour, according to the ſyſtem of Engliſh boxing, laid hold of the cane, and began to lay it about the aggreſſor with great dexterity. The other footmen, who were behind the coach, ran to the aſſiſtance of their brother. This new reinforce-

ment

ment did not in the leaſt intimidate Tom Pipes, for graſping the cane, he drove two of the footmen off, and belaboured the other in ſuch a manner, that he was glad to beg for mercy. The whole ſtreet was now in an uproar, for the perſon whoſe ſervants had been aſſaulted in this manner, was one of the princes of the blood, but being a nobleman of age and experience, and Peregrine having made ſome ſubmiſſion to him on account of his quality, his highneſs took him into his chariot, and treated him with every mark of reſpect. The prince, who ſoon perceived that our hero had more ſpirit and education than generally falls to one of his age, took him home to his own houſe, and treated him as if he had been his own ſon. He introduced him to his lady, and ſome other very reſpectable perſons, but he ſoon found that the French ladies paid no regard to any but ſuch as ſpent the whole of their time in gaming. Not that he had any intention to deſiſt from gaming, but he could not ſee with what propriety, ladies, who pretended to the higheſt rank, could ſo far demean themſelves, as to ſpend their time in acting a part that ſet them on the ſame footing as thoſe wretches whom we call common ſharpers.

Theſe conſiderations induced him to enter himſelf into a celebrated academy, where he became acquainted with ſeveral ſenſible people; but volatile diſpoſitions and habits are not ſoon eradicated. This will appear evident from the following anecdote. Peregrine, who like moſt other young gentleman, was conſtantly in ſearch of new ſcenes of pleaſure, became acquainted with one of the polite girls of the town, and accordingly

cordingly took her into keeping. For ſome time he imagined that ſhe was one of thoſe, who in conſequence of receiving a ſufficient ſubſiſtance, would be at leaſt faithful to him, but he was moſt wretchedly miſtaken, for one morning Pipes came into his room, and told him that he ſaw a young ſpark in laced cloaths go out of her chamber.

Peregrine, who had at ſometimes a large command of his temper, took no notice of what was ſaid by Tom Pipes, but going towards evening to the houſe of his dulcinea, told her that he was obliged for that night to go on ſome buſineſs of importance to a diſtant part of the country. The lady, who was no ſtranger to all the arts of her profeſſion, pretended to be very much affected, but Peregrine taking leave of her with the ſtrongeſt profeſſions of love, returned to his lodgings, in order to prepare himſelf for the executing a ſcheme that he had formed. About twelve at night, having given Pipes the cue, they both ſet out for the place, and knocked at the door, which was opened to them by the footman. Peregrine bolted in, and leaving Pipes to take care of the door, ran up ſtairs, and knocked moſt violently at the door of his dulcinea's apartment. Affairs were now in a very critical ſituation, but there being a window to the ſtreet, the viſitor dropped out of it, and ſo made his eſcape. Pipes, who happened to ſee him deſcend, made up to him, and belaboured him with his cudgel, from one end of the ſtreet to the other, till being wearied with thraſhing him, he gave him up to the patrole, who took him into cuſtody for the night in a moſt wretched condition. Next morning the French gentleman was diſcharged, but the diſhonour of having

having been beaten in ſo vulgar a manner, by an Engliſh footman, induced him to ſend a challenge to Peregrine, and both met together, where our hero came off conqueror, to the great mortification of the Frenchman, who was one of the officers of the guards.

Parſon Jolter was ſo much offended with the conduct of his pupil, that he threatened to leave him and return to England, but Peregrine having made ſome conceſſions, he was diverted from his deſign, and once more reſolved to ſpend ſome time longer in his beloved France. But ſtill nothing could reſtrain the impetuoſity of our hero's paſſions, for intrigue ſeemed to give life to all his actions.

One day as he was walking abroad to ſee ſome of the public places, he met Mrs. Hornbuck, and in the moſt imprudent manner agreed to elope with her. Accordingly they ſet out together to a village near Paris, where they gave themſelves up to voluptuous pleaſure, till the poor huſband having found out the place of their reſidence, procured an order to take them both into cuſtody. The affair began to make a conſiderable noiſe in Paris, and it might have been attended with fatal conſequences, had not the Engliſh ambaſſador, a nobleman of great prudence, interpoſed ſo far as to repreſent our hero as a young man who had launched out into public life before he was acquainted with the world. In conſequence of that repreſentation our hero was ſet at liberty, but at the ſame time received a ſevere reprimand, with a poſitive injunction never to behave in the ſame manner for the future.

Soon

Soon after he was ſet at liberty, he went one day to viſit the public places, and in one of the galleries he met with two of his countrymen, one of whom was a phyſician, but one of the moſt arrant pedants that ever lived; on the other hand the painter, who was the companion of the doctor, was an ignorant fellow, who had ſuch an opinion of his own abilities, that all the ancient painters were conſidered by him as objects of contempt. With theſe two real originals in their way, our hero contracted an acquaintance, not ſo much from motives that could attach him to them on the principles of virtue, as that they were objects whom he could laugh at. He attended to every thing ſaid by them, and could ſcarce refrain from laughing, when he heard that the painter condemned all the painters, whoſe works had done honour to the Italian ſchools; and the doctor, inſtead of minding the duties of his profeſſion, ſpent the whole of his time in ſtudying the moſt ſuperficial parts of the Greek language.

Peregrine took the firſt opportunity to introduce his two new friends into the company of Parſon Jolter, who received them in his uſual formal manner, but as ill luck would have it, the doctor, who had borrowed his notions of government from the Greek claſſicks, ſpoke with the utmoſt contempt of the French government, as being entirely deſpotic. On the other hand, Parſon Jolter inſiſted that no form of government could be ſo good as that which enabled the prince to ſupport his prerogative, becauſe in conſequence thereof, the people were kept in humble ſubjection, and none of them could find fault with the

the meaſures of adminiſtration. At laſt the diſpute aroſe to ſuch an height, that both parties would have gone to blows, had not Peregrine interpoſed, and with the utmoſt difficulty made the contending parties good friends. In the mean time, the doctor, who was in every ſenſe of the word, abſorbed in the ſtudy of the claſſic authors, propoſed to have an entertainment at Paris, according to the forms uſed by the old Romans, and our hero, with Parſon Jolter, were both invited as gueſts. Some other foreigners were invited at the ſame time, among whom was a German count, and an Italian baron. Among other ingredients was a dormouſe pye and a ſow's ſtomach, ſtuffed with a hundred different ſorts of herbs. The painter exclaimed that the Romans were the moſt beaſtly fellows he had ever heard of, and the Italian taking the pye on his knees, the whole contents burſted into his breeches, and made him roar out in the moſt vociferous manner. The whole company was now one ſcene of riot and confuſion; the doctor ſaid all he could to apologize for the conduct of poor Pallat, the painter, but all to no purpoſe; for every one was diſguſted.

It was in vain to call the company to order, and Peregrine, who was ſtill fond of intrigue, perſuaded the painter to accompany him to the Opera. There having ſpent the evening, they made aſſignations with ſome girls, and were juſt on the point of returning home, when their coach was interrupted by one belonging to a prince of the blood. Peregrine would not give way, and Tom Pipes having acted in the moſt extravagant manner, the whole body of them were taken into cuſtody,

cuſtody, and Peregrine, with the poor painter, were committed to the Baſtile.

The faithful Tom Pipes, as ſoon as he returned home, went and informed the Engliſh ambaſſador, and in conſequence of his interpoſition, our hero and the painter were both ſet at liberty. Their releaſe, however, was procured upon condition that our hero ſhould leave Paris in a wuuu time; and, accordingly, as ſoon as he had taken leave of his friends, he ſet out for Flanders.

The painter now began to have the moſt contemptible opinion of the doctor, and during the whole of their journey the time was ſpent in mutual quarrellings, the one calling the other a fool, and his companion retorting by the epithet *pedant*. During the firſt day nothing was to be heard but diſputes concerning the difference between a monarchial and limited government, Parſon Jolter always taking part with the French, and the doctor at the ſame time condemning them.

About ſeven in the evening they arrived at an inn, where a ſupper was provided for them, and as the principal part conſiſted of rabbits, Peregrine had a ſtrong inclination to enjoy a little fun. He perſuaded Tom Pipes to come into the room, and tell the gueſts, that there was the ſkin of an old ram cat hanging in the kitchen, and he was ſure the body was then ſerved up at the table. The painter, who had juſt then cut up a leg of the ſuppoſed cat, began to recollect that he had read the ſtory in Gil Blas of Scipio's, and therefore he would not eat any more. Parſon Jolter, whoſe ſtomach was not ſo very ſqeamiſh, told him that the people on the coaſt of France eat both cats and

and dogs, and that there could be no difference in the uſe of the animal, except what aroſe from vulgar apprehenſion or common inclination. This gave ſo much encouragement to the poor painter, that he proceeded to eat a little more, till a claw, that had been properly placed in the diſh by Pipes, happening to fall out, he dropped his knife, and fell into a ſwoon. The doctor did all he could to relieve his friend, the painter, to a ſtate of ſenſibility, and at laſt, having in ſome meaſure effected it, they all went to bed, and next day continued their journey to Flanders.

During their journey, the doctor expatiated on the excellency of the roads of the antients, while Parſon Jolter repreſented thoſe in France as far ſuperior to any that had ever been ſeen.

In the evening they arrived in the neighbourhood of Arras, but the gates being then ſhut, they were obliged to lodge in the ſuburbs. It is true, they might have ſpent the evening with a great deal of pleaſure, but, as ill luck would have it, two French officers happened to come to the inn, and engaged in gaming with our hero. They were ſo well acquainted with the principles of gaming, that Peregrine ſoon found he had to do with a couple of ſharpers, and in the morning, when the landlord preſented his bill, which he did with fear and trembling, they told him that he was a moſt wicked raſcal, who thus thought to impoſe on the king's officers.

As ſoon as they were gone, the inn-keeper came into the room, and told our hero, that it was common for the military officers to do ſo, for ſuch was the nature of the government in France. Peregrine, who had the moſt inlarged notions of government,

government, could not help looking upon him in any other light than as an enemy to the natural rights of mankind; but making the hoſt ſome amends for the injury he had received, he proceeded on his journey along with his company. From Arras they proceeded to Liſle, where our hero ſoon contracted an acquaintance with ſeveral Scotch officers in the Dutch ſervice, who had come there, during the ſummer ſeaſon, to learn the art of war. One of the Scotch officers happened to be as great a pedant in the Greek language as the doctor himſelf, but then he had this advantage, that he had read over the commentaries of the chevalier Follard.

Acquainted with fortification, as laid down by Vauban, he was convinced in his own mind that there was at leaſt ſome difference between ancient and modern fortifications. The doctor and the officer took a walk round the ramparts, and a diſcourſe enſued upon the difference between ancient and modern fortifications. The Scotchman endeavoured to ſhew, that all towns fortified according to the modern method, muſt be conſtructed in ſuch a way, as to be able to reſiſt the force of balls, whereas the doctor ſaid, that there was nothing could equal the methods uſed by the Greeks. This enraged the Scotchman ſo much, that he challenged the doctor, but as the ſon of Eſculapius had no intention to fight, he applied to our hero, who accommodated matters in the moſt amicable manner.

One day as Peregrine was walking along the ramparts, he happened to fall into converſation with one of the knights of Malta, who bore a

commiſſion in the French ſervice. The diſcourſe turned upon the Engliſh drama, which our hero vindicated to the ſatisfaction of the knight, who was himſelf a man of letters: but before they had done ſpeaking, parſon Jolter arrived in a great hurry, and told them, that Tom Pipes, having affronted a ſoldier, a great mob were gathered together, and that he was in danger of being killed. Peregrine hearing the danger his faithful Pipes was in, ran up to his aſſiſtance, and took along with him the knight of Malta, who ordered the ſolder to be taken into cuſtody, and brought before him. It ſeems, that Pipes, in his walk through the town, had got into company with ſome Iriſh ſoldiers in the French ſervice, who treated him with great civility, but the ſubject of diſcourſe happening to turn upon politics, Pipes curſed the pope, the pretender, and the French king, as well as all thoſe who were connected with either.

This was too high an indignity for the ſoldiers to put up with, upon which a battle enſued between them and Pipes, in which the latter would have had the advantage, only he had no other weapon to defend himſelf but his fiſts.

Peregrine was ſo much exaſperated at the conduct of Pipes, that he immediately diſmiſſed him from his ſervice; and next day the whole company ſet out for Ghent.

The whole company, beſides our hero, the painter, the doctor, and Mr. Jolter, conſiſted of a lady of pleaſure, a Jew broker, a capuchin friar, and a young lady committed to the care of the latter.

Jolter

Jolter diſputed with the Jew about the meaning of ſome words in the ſcriptures; the doctor ridiculed the capuchin; while the painter made love to the kept miſtreſs; and Peregrine attached himſelf to the young lady, When the company had ſupped in the evening, they all retired to their own apartments; but Peregrine having made an aſſignation with the young lady, got up about midnight, and went privately to her chamber.

It happened that the woman of pleaſure lay in a bed in the ſame room, and the painter having got to the bedſide, juſt at the ſame time that Peregrine got to the other, the capuchin, who had ſome ſuſpicions, crawled upon his all fours, in order to make a diſcovery. He had ſcarce got up to the middle of the room when the painter felt his ſhaved head, and the prieſt, who was an arch wag, turning his jaws round, bit the finger of the painter in ſo ſevere a manner that he ſcreamed out fire! murder! thieves! Peregrine was ſo much inraged, that he knocked the painter down, and then returned to his own apartment, in order to prevent a diſcovery.

Next night when they came to Aloſt Peregrine made another attempt on the young lady, but Pallat, the painter, who had not yet relinquiſhed his ſcheme, once more got into the room at the ſame time. This ſo much exaſperated Peregrine, that he knocked him about till there was ſcarce any life left in him, and then decamping, in the dark, the poor painter was put to bed. The doctor, who had been called out of bed to attend the patient, declared that

he had been bit by a mad dog, and taking up the chamber-pot, emptied the whole contents of it upon him. In the midſt of his fury the painter got up, and would have done ſignal execution on the doctor, had not he taken to his heels out of the room, and overturned Jolter in the paſſage, who tumbled like a dead log of wood into the kitchen. In the morning every thing being adjuſted, our travellers ſet out for Bruſſels, where Peregrine had not been long when he met accidentally with Mrs. Hornbuck, from whom he had been ſeparated at Paris. The two lovers met together every evening at a private houſe in the ſuburbs, but Mr. Hornbuck having diſcovered their retreat, hired two ſoldiers to lay hold of Peregrine upon his return home, and actually make him a eunuch.

As good fortune would have it, Tom Pipes, who had ſtill kept near his maſter, though not perceived by him, happened to hear the conſpirators talking of their intended ſcheme, at a public houſe, and went and gave Peregrine information of the whole: our young hero had too much ſpirit to forget the behaviour of Pipes at Liſle, and therefore refuſed at firſt to ſpeak with him, but the other convinced him of the neceſſity he was under of being on his guard, upon which he was once more taken into favour.

A plan was now laid to defeat the ſcheme projected by Hornbuck; and in the evening when the poor cuckold came to the place, he was dragged to the river, and ducked over head and ears; but his cries having brought the patrole to his aſſiſtance, our hero was taken into cuſtody. Parſon Jolter was quite confounded at the

the conduct of his pupil, but as he was ſtill under his care, he went to the governor of the city and procured his releaſe. They then ſet out for Antwerp, where they had not been long when Peregrine fomented a quarrel between the painter and the doctor, and nothing leſs than a duel was to decide the merits of the controverſy.

Pipes was made choice of as ſecond to the painter, and Peregrine to the Doctor; but when they went on the ramparts, being both arrant cowards, they trembled like criminals who were going to be hanged. In vain did the ſeconds endeavour to force them to action, they ſhrunk back, and the painter at laſt taking to his heels, Tom Pipes gave him a knock on the breach, which tumbled him down. The fall of the painter gave freſh ſpirits to the doctor, who, making up to him, terrified him with a number of Greek verſes, which he repeated from Homer, and forced him to acknowledge that he had been defeated.

From Antwerp they proceeded to viſit the moſt noted places in Holland, where they met with nothing worthy of their notice, upon which, Peregrine, with his companions, ſet out for Harlem, and took ſhipping for Harwich in England, being deſirous of once more viſiting his native country.

As ſoon as he arrived in England, he went to viſit ſome eminent perſons, whoſe relations he had met with abroad, and then ſet out for the caſtle, where he was received by the good old commodore, in the moſt gracious manner. All the poor cottagers who lived in the neigh-

bourhood, came to wiſh him joy on his return, and within a few weeks after he had the pleaſure of ſeeing his beloved ſiſter married to the young gentleman who had made his addreſſes to her before he went abroad. In the mean time his parents treated him in the ſame inhuman manner as before, but all this was made up by the goodneſs of the commodore.

Having attended the commodore with the moſt filial tenderneſs during a fit of illneſs, occaſioned by the gout, the old gentleman propoſed making over to him his whole eſtate, and to depend on him for a ſubſiſtance during the remainder of his life; but this was what our hero would by no means comply with. The commodore being in ſome meaſure recovered, he gave Peregrine leave to return to London, and in his way thither he met with Emilia, and offered ſuch rudeneſs to her, that ſhe reſolved not to have any thing more to do with him. This chagrined him ſo much, that he left her mother's houſe in diſguſt; and ſoon after his arrival in London, met with her brother Godfrey, who, in conſequence of his good behaviour, had been advanced to a lieutenancy. After ſome days ſpent in the pleaſures of the town, they both ſet out for Bath, where, by their cunning and ingenuity, they diſperſed a whole gang of ſharpers. At the ſame time they practiſed ſo many roguiſh tricks on the phyſicians, that thoſe ſons of the great Eſculapeous were put to the bluſh amidſt the whole circle of their acquaintance.

At Bath they became acquainted with a certain lady, whoſe ſole buſineſs was to entertain every promiſcuous company in her houſe, with no

no other view ſave that of procuring a name. Among others who viſited her was one Mr. Crabtree, an old Welch gentleman, who, in conſequence of ſome tricks that had been put upon him in his youth, became an enemy to all mankind, and was in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the word a miſanthrope. That he might have it in his power to retail as much ſcandal as poſſible he feigned himſelf deaf, ſo that the moſt ſecret things were mentioned in his company, without the leaſt ſuſpicion that he heard any of them.

With this perſon our hero contracted an acquaintance, and he ſoon conceived that he was no more deaf than himſelf. Peregrine was aſtoniſhed to hear him repeat a vaſt number of anecdotes relating to the nobility, and the frailty of nature among the females, ſerved only to ſtimulate his deſires, in order, if poſſible, to be able to add one to the number of thoſe, who in conſequence of their levity had been ſeduced.

The commodore had been for ſometime in a bad ſtate of health, and Peregrine thought that he could not conſiſtent with his duty neglect to wait upon him. Accordingly he arrived at the caſtle, where he was received with open arms of affection, and next day his generous benefactor departed this life. He had given the moſt particular directions concerning his funeral; and our hero notwithſtanding his volatile diſpoſition in other things, took care to have it celebrated according to his deſire.

The ſervants, whoſe hairs had become grey ſince they came to live with the commodore, lamented the loſs of an indulgent maſter, and

the next day after his funeral the gentlemen in the neighbourhood came to congratulate our hero on his being left in poſſeſſion of ſo ample a fortune.

Their principal deſign was to try, if poſſible, to bring about a reconciliation between him and his mother, but all to no purpoſe, for ſhe remained as obſtinate as ever, and declared that Peregrine was not her ſon.

In the mean time, Peregrine having ſettled all his domeſtic affairs left the caſtle in order to return to London, but in his way thither he called at the houſe where Emilia lived, and in a moſt audacious manner made an attempt on her virtue. The young lady treated him with that contempt his conduct intitled him to, but as her heart was not deaf to tender impreſſions ſhe conſented to give him her company at a maſquerade. She imagined that he would not purſue his ſcheme any further; but ſhe was miſtaken, for no ſooner was ſhe mixed with the crowd, or rather the *herd*, than he made a ſecond attempt on her virtue, but was repulſed in the ſame manner as before, and to complete her misfortune, her uncle, who was her guardian, and had her under his protection, forbad him from coming any more to his houſe, unleſs he thought proper to be ducked in a horſe pond.

Baffled in all his attempts, he was filled with the utmoſt chagrine, for ſuch is the violent impetuoſity of youth, that they are in general deaf to the voice of reaſon. They go on from one degree of extravagance to another, till it is too late to change, and they ſeek for pleaſure where it

it can never be found. Peregrine, in order to vindicate his character, wrote a long ſubmiſſive letter to Mrs. Gauntlet, the mother of Emilia, but the anſwer he received, ſerved only to convince him that ſhe looked upon him as an object of the utmoſt deteſtation. This ſtimulated him to ſuch a height, that he reſolved never more to viſit the place, upon which, after returning to ſpend a few weeks at the caſtle, he reſolved once more to drown his cares in London. Upon his arrival in London, he met with his old friend Cadwallader, the miſanthrope, who informed him concerning many curious paſſages relating to the intrigues of the ladies of quality. One of them was a ducheſs, who had on all occaſions proſtituted herſelf to thoſe who were kind enough to diſcharge her debts contracted at a gaming table, ſo that upon the whole ſhe was in a manner a diſhonour to her ſex. Another was one of thoſe ladies who pay no regard to moral obligation, and therefore having loſt her firſt huſband, whom ſhe married from motives of love, ſhe was by the orders of her father, who at that time was one of the commiſſioners in the cuſtom houſe, obliged to give her hand to an Iriſhman, who taking him altogether, was one of the moſt inſignificant wretches that ever lived. They had not been long married, when the lady diſcovered ſuch an averſion to her huſband, that ſhe began to intrigue with ſeveral of the young nobility, and actually went over with one of them to France, where they ſpent a whole ſummer together. At laſt, ſhe returned to England, and finding no other way left, in order to ſupport her in extravagance, ſhe once more threw herſelf into the arms of her

huſband, and ſpent the remainder of her time in privacy.

Peregrine, had ſo much art, that ſcarce any thing could deceive him, reſolved to make himſelf merry at the expence of his fellow creatures. Accordingly he got Cadwallader to aſſume the character of a fortune-teller, and in conſequence thereof, he ſoon got acquainted with the many ſecrets that would otherwiſe have been buried in perpetual oblivion. To a young gentleman like our hero, this could not fail of yielding a conſiderable degree of entertainment, and in conſequence thereof, he was at all times able to triumph over the moſt dignified female characters. Nothing was more common for him than to enter into an intrigue with a lady of quality, and as he knew well her prior character, he thought there could be no hurt in expoſing her for the favour ſhe had granted him. Peregrine, who never knew where to ſtop, when he wanted to indulge his favourite paſſion for ridicule, reſolved to give ſuch a mark of his ingenuity, as would tranſmit his name to all future ages.

Among the circle of his friends, he became acquainted with two notorious free-thinkers, or as we call them, deiſts, and theſe men having made a mock of all ſorts of apparitions, he contrived to raiſe a fictitious one, that actually frightened them into the utmoſt ſtate of ſuperſtition. The devil was repreſented as ariſing from hell, to take theſe infidels along with him to the infernal regions, and notwithſtanding all the pretenſions that our deiſts had made, yet when they ſaw the old gentleman with the cloven foot appear, they trembled as an aſpen leaf, and for once declared, that

that their deiſtical notions were not able to carry them through in a day of adverſity. They could not help reflecting that the heathens believed there was a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments, and that brutal fortitude to which they had ſo long attached themſelves, vaniſhed into nothing.

It was not long before our hero became celebrated for being one of the greateſt wits of the town. He took notice of the conduct of the different nobility and gentry, who happened to be in his company, and he drew their characters according to the obſervations he had made. One in particular, who had been long repreſented as a patriot, or in other words a lover of his country, he repreſented, according to juſtice, as a moſt vile infamous debauchee, who had pretended to ſet up a ſcheme of reformation for the whole kingdom, while he knew at the ſame time that he was wallowing in luſt with ſeveral common proſtitutes. However volatile he might be in his own diſpoſition, he could not help treating, with the utmoſt abhorrence, thoſe wretches who ſet up for reformers of the nation, while at the ſame time their own houſes exhibits nothing but ſcenes of debauchery. In the pub ic news papers, and many other periodical works, he endeavoured to repreſent thoſe wretches in their lively colours, and ſurely nothing could be more commendable. Shall the debauchee ſet up to reform the nation and promote charity, when at the ſame time he knows that he is going on in a courſe of impunity. Shall the ſpendthrift attempt to teach œconomy to the people, while he knows at the ſame time that he is living above his circumſtances. In a word, Peregrine was convinced in his

his own mind, that private virtue and patriotiſm, muſt, or at leaſt, ought to go hand in hand together, and therefore it will appear to ſome of our more ſenſible readers, that thoſe who are not able to take care of their own affairs, will never be able to attend to thoſe of a public nature. Indeed it is a notion that has been too much cultivated in the preſent age, that people may be wicked at home, and at the ſame time virtuous abroad, but this is inconſiſtent with the firſt principles of natural reaſon, for he that is faithful over little, will be faithful over much.

Lieutenant Hatchway had now been married ſome time to the widow of the commodore, but that lady had ſo far given herſelf up to drinking, that ſhe was ſeized with a dropſy, and there being no hopes that ſhe would recover, her huſband ſent Peregrine a letter in the ſtile of a ſeaman, deſiring his immediate attendance at the garriſon.

Peregrine no ſooner received the honeſt lieutenant's epiſtle, than he ſet out for the garriſon, where he found his aunt in the agonies of death, and ſtaid to perform the laſt offices to her, after which he returned, in order to viſit his companions in London. In his way to London, he called on his friend Gauntlet, and had the good fortune to ſee him happily married to the young lady whom he had courted ſeveral years. Indeed Peregrine would have willingly married Emilia at the ſame time, but ſuch was his attachment to gallantry, that he ſtill entertained hopes, or rather wiſhes, of having it in his power to ſeduce that young lady, and to triumph over her ſhame.

Baffled, however, in all his attempts on her virtue, he ſet out for London, but had not been long

long there, when he returned to the garriſon on a viſit to honeſt Lieutenant Hatchway, who treated him with the utmoſt reſpect. Having ſettled ſeveral of his domeſtic affairs, he took leave of the lieutenant, and in his journey picked up a young gypſey, whom he reſolved to take into keeping.

Tom Pipes was ordered to ſee her waſhed clean and dreſſed in a proper manner, and although her countenance had ſomething ferocious in it, yet ſhe was in many reſpects as agreeable as ſome of the court ladies. He introduced her to all the noted gaming tables, where ſhe made a very diſtinguiſhing figure, for it was but a ſhort time before ſhe made herſelf acquainted with all the tricks practiſed in thoſe polite circles. But notwithſtanding her natural ruſticity, yet ſhe had the ſeeds of honeſty in her mind, for one evening at a gaming-table, having diſcovered that one of the ladies was a dexterous hand at cheating, ſhe called her a damned bitch, and walking towards the door, bid her kiſs her arſe. The ladies preſent upbraided our hero with having palmed upon them a common trull, and he having been cloyed with poſſeſſion, gave her ſome money, and left her to make her fortune in the world in the beſt manner ſhe could, ſo that ſhe ſoon after became one of the women of the town.

Soon after he had diſcarded the young gypſey, he was viſited by his old acquaintance Pallat, the painter, who had accompanied him in his journey from Paris to Flanders. The painter had got ſome poor daubings of ſeveral capital works of the Flemiſh ſchools, and had propoſed to ſell them by ſubſcription, ſo that he was under the neceſſity

of

of making himſelf acquinted with as many of the nobility and gentry as poſſible. Peregrine looked upon him with the utmoſt contempt, but as he knew him to be poor, he did not ſay any thing to diſcourage him.

In the courſe of their converſation, the ſubject turned upon gaming, and our hero, who was altogether of a volatile diſpoſition, embraced an opportunity that Pallat offered him of being introduced to the acquaintance of Lord Sweepſtakes, who had for many years made the moſt diſtinguiſhing figure at Newmarket. As Peregrine had a conſiderable ſum of money at his diſpoſal, it was not long before he was fleeced of the greateſt part, for gamblers, let their ſtations be what they will, are no better than cheats.

Vexed to find himſelf bubbled in that ſcandalous manner, he reſolved to get into the miniſtry, and for that purpoſe ingratiated himſelf into the favour of a nobleman, who propoſed ſetting him up as a candidate for one of the rotten boroughs. This led him into a freſh ſeries of expences, but the other candidate having by oppoſite intereſt become more ſucceſsful than Peregrine, he was obliged to ſit down with his loſs, and curſe both government and miniſters.

As Peregrine had good natural parts, he reſolved to become a dependant on the miniſtry, and in their vindication he wrote ſeveral very ſatirical papers. This employment, however, was of too mean a nature to ſupport a young gentlemnn of our hero's ſpirit, eſpecially as the dignified nobleman gave him nothing but promiſes for all his trouble. It was natural for him under ſuch circumſtances to deſcend gradually to meanneſs,

meanneſs, and notwithſtanding the elegant manner in which our hero had been brought up, yet he became every day more and more an object of contempt among all thoſe with whom he had been formerly acquainted.

Tortured with theſe melancholy reflections, he one day took a walk to the park, where he had not been long, when he was accoſted by his old friend Gauntlet, who ſoon after his marriage, had been advanced to the command of a company. Gauntlet was accompanied by his wife and ſiſter, and no ſooner had our hero ſeen the latter, than all thoſe former emotions took place in his mind, that her perſon had firſt inſpired. He ſaid every thing he could think of in vindication of his conduct, but the young lady was extremely ſhy, and told him that nothing but a conſtant perſeverance in the practice of every moral duty, would entitle him to her favour. They converſed together ſome time, and when they took their leave, he ſwore everlaſting conſtancy to the object of his love, after which they parted for the preſent with very different ſentiments, for our hero was tortured with the thoughts of having incurred the diſpleaſure of his Emilia.

He next aſſociated himſelf with a club of authors, moſt of whom were very deſpicable wretches, but they were at the ſame time ſo proud, that they would not for ſome time make him acquainted with all their ſecrets. As his wants were daily encreaſing, he had recourſe once more to the miniſter, who had ſo long filled his mind with promiſes, that he never intended to perform; but although ſeveral very lucrative places were then vacant, yet he was given to underſtand

derſtand that they had all been diſpoſed of. This declaration of the miniſter mortified him ſo much, that he could not conceal his reſentment any longer, and therefore turning about, he left the preſence chamber in the utmoſt diſguſt. From the miniſter's houſe, he went to viſit the authors, whom he found engaged in a moſt violent diſpute concerning the merits of ſome of their performances.

Peregrine had but little to ſay, for as yet he was no more than a novice, but as ill luck would have it, in the midſt of the diſpute, a bailiff came with a writ againſt one of them. The defendant who was no ſtranger to the power of catch-poles, no ſooner heard of his danger, than he jumped out of the window, and pitching upon the top of a ſedan, overturned it with a young maccaroni, who had been dreſſed out in the higheſt taſte, in order to make his appearance at the opera. In the mean time he became acquainted with ſome of thoſe inſignificant wretches called antiquarians, who ſpend moſt of their time in looking over old coins and manuſcripts, that cannot be read but by the help of a magnifying glaſs, or an index to explain the contractions. He had the good fortune, however, in conſequence of his political writings, to procure a ſmall penſion from the miniſter, which for ſome time was regularly paid, but as he ſtill wiſhed for a ſettlement, he one day put the miniſter in mind of his promiſe, and having not received a ſatisfactory anſwer, he went home, and wrote him a letter, wherein he taxed him with duplicity, and the conſequence was, that he was inſtantly diſcharged. The affair of his being diſcarded made ſome noiſe among thoſe

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at the head of affairs; but the miniſter, who was hackneyed in all the ways of iniquity, told them that our hero was diſordered in his mind, and for ſome time the ſtory was believed. In revenge for being treated in ſo diſgraceful a manner, he commenced a writer againſt the miniſtry, and treated the whole of their conduct with ſuch ridicule, that they became objects of deteſtation to all ranks of people in the nation.

But this did not anſwer his expectation, for the miniſter who had never entered into any agreement with him, cauſed him to be arreſted, and from a ſpunging-houſe he was removed to the Fleet-priſon. There he found his confinement much better than is common in other priſons, and he met with ſeveral perſons who did all they could to make his confinement as agreeable as poſſible. Among others, he met with a perſon who had ſpent his whole fortune, in order to procure juſtice to an injured young gentleman, but by a quibble in law, which will ever remain a diſgrace to juſtice, he had been nonſuited, and in conſequence thereof, not being able to pay his coſts, he was arreſted and committed to priſon.

The news of Peregrine being committed to priſon ſoon reached the ears of Lieutenant Hatchway, who with all his foibles was really a good man. The honeſt lieutenant, in company with Tom Pipes, ſet out for London, and not knowing Peregrine was to be confined for life, propoſed taking lodgings along with him in the Fleet.

Peregrine ſaid all he could to diſſuade them from ſuch a reſolution, but all that he could

prevail

prevail upon them to do was to take lodgings in the ſame neighbourhood. As it was their conſtant practice to viſit our hero two or three times in the day, and to ſpend the evenings with him, ſo one night while Crabtree, the miſanthrope, was there, they happened to quarrel, and the poor Welchman was toſſed in a blanket. This was conſidered as ſuch an outrage, that the warden ordered that Hatchway and Pipes ſhould never be again admitted to the priſon, and in the mean time Peregrine gave himſelf up to all manner of ſloth and naſtineſs.

While he continued in this deplorable ſituation, his old friend Gauntlet, who had come to town in order to procure advancement in the army, came to the Fleet to viſit him, and condoled with him on the unhappy ſtate of his then circumſtances.

As good luck would have it, a perſon, to whom Peregrine had lent ſome money to equip him for an Eaſt-India voyage, happened at that time to arrive in the Downs, and as he had met with conſiderable ſucceſs, he came to the priſon and paid the debt for which our hero had been arreſted.

Being thus at liberty, he went to viſit his old friend the lieutenant, who, notwithſtanding ſome diſputes that they had before, received him with open arms of friendſhip. He was informed by Hatchway that his father had been dead ſome time, and that he had left his whole fortune to his ſon Gam. That was a moſt mortifying ſtroke to our hero, who, notwithſtanding all the unnatural uſage of his parents, yet imagined that his father would have done him juſtice at laſt.

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This induced him to hold a conſultation with his friends, who were all of opinion that there was ſomething unfair, and that it would be neceſſary to make a proper enquiry into the nature of the will. This led to a diſcovery that the whole was a colluſion carried on by the intrigues of his mother who had got a falſe will ſubſtituted in the room of the true one, to the injury of her eldeſt ſon. This led to a further enquiry, and, upon the moſt mature deliberation the whole cheat was diſcovered. The noiſe occaſioned by this affair reached all over the country, but our hero, conſiſtent with his common notions of benevolence, made a ſettlement on his mother and brother, after which he took poſſeſſion of his eſtate, and proved himſelf to be the real hair at law to his father, notwithſtanding all that had been done to injure him.

Having ſettled every thing of importance, he went to ſee his friend Gauntlet, and it was agreed upon between them to ſpend ſome time in the country. This was in a manner abſolutely neceſſary, for our hero who had been confined ſeveral months in a priſon, but the principal reaſon was to bring about a match between the two lovers.

Gauntlet had a real friendſhip for Peregrine, and told him, that he would do every thing to bring about an ecclairciſſement between him and his ſiſter. Accordingly our hero was indulged with an interview with his beloved Emilia, but ſhe was ſo much on the reſerve that it did not give him any ſatisfaction. Mortified at his diſappointment he retired into another room, but had not been there long when he heard a dialogue

logue between the brother and ſiſter, that gave him the moſt inexpreſſible pleaſure. Emilia ſaid, ſhe had no objections to Peregrine, except ſuch as aroſe from the nature of his conduct, which on many occaſions had been very irregular. To this her brother anſwered, that whatever might have been his foibles, yet they were merely owing to the unguarded ſallies of youthful imprudence, but as he had now returned both to a regular diſcharge of his duty as a man of honour and virtue, ſhe could not with the leaſt colour of reaſon have any objection to him.

Peregrine, who overheard this diſcourſe, was in a manner quite tranſported, and waited for an opportunity of embracing his charmer, and running into her room flung himſelf at her feet in humble proſtration.

As ſhe could not bear to ſee him in that attitude, ſhe gave him encouragement to riſe, and then claſping her in his arms, he told her that he was for ever devoted to her, and that he would live and die with her. She told him, that he had been ſo wicked, that he ought to have undergone a ſevere puniſhment, but as things then were, ſhe was willing at once to pardon him, and put up with a man for a huſband whom ſhe believed would be an arrant tyrant. In anſwer to this, as he was ſcarce able to ſpeak, he told her that he had eighty thouſand pounds in money, which ſhould be at her ſervice, and as a proof of his ſincerity, he offered to lay the whole in her lap. So ſaying, he claſped her again in his arms, and ſealed the conract into which he had entered with beſtowing.

ing a thouſand kiſſes upon her who was more dear to him than his life.

Every thing being ſettled for the nuptials, our hero ſet out for the commons, in order to procure a licence, by which his happineſs was to be ſealed. It is true Emilia made ſome objection to his being ſo precipitate in an affair of ſuch importance, but her brother, the captain, having interpoſed, ſhe was brought to harken to the voice of reaſon, and gave her conſent to the performance of the ceremony. Lieutenant Hatchway, who had never loſt ſight of our hero, reſolved to be preſent at the ceremony of the marriage, and as he always liked a little fun, he propoſed to make Peregrine drunk, previous to his going to bed. In that, however, he was diſappointed, for our hero was on his guard, and took care not to drink any more liquor than was neceſſary.

The ceremony being over, Tom Pipes danced like a madman, as if he had been on the forecaſtle of a man of war, while Hatchway regaled himſelf over his bowl of rum and water, in the ſame manner as if he had been on the quarter-deck of the commodore's ſhip. At laſt the new married couple retired, and next day was ſpent in the utmoſt degree of feſtivity. From London they ſet out for the country, where our hero ordered the caſtle to be put in proper repair, and having ſettled every thing with his tenants, he went to viſit his ſiſter, whom he found the mother of two beautiful young children.

He was, as well as his ſpouſe, received by her with every mark of reſpect, and rejoiced in having it in his power to contribute towards promoting

moting her happineſs. He lived agreeably and happily with his dear Emilia, and ſhe ſoon made him a happy father.

Their friends and acquaintance looked upon themſelves as happy in being connected with two perſons of ſo much worth, and their fame for the exerciſe of every benevolent action, reached to the exterior parts of the country, where their names were known.

Peregrine detached himſelf from every vicious practice, and day after day convinced his wife that he was far from being an object unworthy of her choice, or improper for her to place her affections upon.

To conclude this work it is neceſſary to take notice of what happened to the other celebrated perſonages who have been ſo often mentioned in it. We have already conſigned the commodore to the ſilent grave, and have ſeen that his widow, after having been married ſome years to Lieutenant Hatchway, paid the debt of nature, and was depoſited beſide her firſt husband, or to uſe the ſea phraſe, ſhe was ſafely moored.

Lieutenant Hatchway ſurvived the marriage of our hero about two years, moſt part of which was ſpent in drinking his can of flip, and ſmoaking his pipe. He often wiſhed for a war that he might have one opportunity more of giving orders on the quarter-deck; but as nothing of that nature happened, he was obliged to come to an anchor, and be laid up in an everlaſting dock.

Tom Pipes ſurvived him about three years, and was treated by Peregrine with every mark of reſpect, and what added moſt to his pleaſure was,

was, that the lovely Emilia ſuffered him to have a hammock to ſwing in, as if he had been ſtill on board, or in the garriſon. At laſt a violent ſtorm obliged him to ſlip his anchor, and as there was none ready to take him in tow, he went to the bottom and was never after heard of.

The doctor whoſe feaſt had made ſuch a diſtinguiſhing figure at Paris and Antwerp, returned to London, where he publiſhed propoſals for a tranſlation of Pindar from the original Greek; but not meeting with the ſucceſs he expected, he commenced writer for a bookſeller, and did every thing in his power to ridicule the Chriſtian ſyſtem. At laſt he became ſo notorious for his licentious writings, that an indictment was preferred againſt him, and being found guilty on the cleareſt evidence, he was committed to Newgate, till ſuch time as he ſhould pay a fine according to the judgment of the court. There he continued near two years in the utmoſt ſtate of penury, till at laſt being forced by neceſſity, he wrote in defence of adminiſtration, and in conſequence thereof procured his releaſe, and at the ſame time received a penſion of three hundred pounds a year, by the interceſſion of thoſe in power.

The miniſter of ſtate, by whoſe cruelty our hero had been ſo long cruelly oppreſſed, was, in conſequence of a change at court, turned out of all employments, and ſpent the remainder of his time in fomenting ſchemes to croſs the meaſures of government. At laſt he died, not only unpitied, but even hated by all thoſe who had formerly known him, nor was there one left to ſhed a tear over his grave. He had domineered

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over his fellow ſubjects while he was intruſted with power, but no ſooner were his remains laid in the grave, than ſome of the meaneſt of them trod on them.

Pallat, the painter, who was one of the moſt arrant blockheads that ever lived, publiſhed propoſals for ſome of his daubings, but they were executed in ſo wretched a manner, that he became an object of deteſtation to all thoſe who knew him. His family was reduced to want, and his creditors becoming clamorous, he was arreſted, and glad to take up the ſame lodgings in the Fleet, from which our hero had been ſo fortunately delivered. There he remained till he was ſet at liberty by an act of inſolvency, and the reſt of his days were ſpent in penury, which would have been ſtill greater, had not our hero contributed towards his aſſiſtance.

With reſpect to our hero, he ſoon obtained a ſeat in parliament, and made a moſt diſtinguiſhing figure as a Britiſh ſenator. His family increaſed in the courſe of time, and ſuch was his benevolence, that he never loſt ſight of ſuch opportunities as put it into his power to be ſerviceable to his fellow creatures. From the whole of theſe circumſtances we may learn, that it is never too late to refrain from vicious courſes, and that wherever reformation takes place, beneficial conſequences will follow. Such is the nature of things in this world, that we never know when to form a judgment till we are directed by the conſequences, and this ſhould teach us to watch over every part of our conduct, and ſo make it appear to the world that we are not unworthy members of ſociety.

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